

*The Unfortunate Concubines :*  
OR THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Fair *ROSAMOND*,  
Mistress to *Henry II.*  
AND  
*JANE SHORE*,  
Concubine to *Edward IV.*  
KINGS of ENGLAND :  
Shewing how they came to be so,  
WITH  
Their Lives, Remarkable Actions,  
and unhappy Ends.

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Extracted from eminent Records, and the Whole  
Illustrated with Cuts suitable to each Subject.

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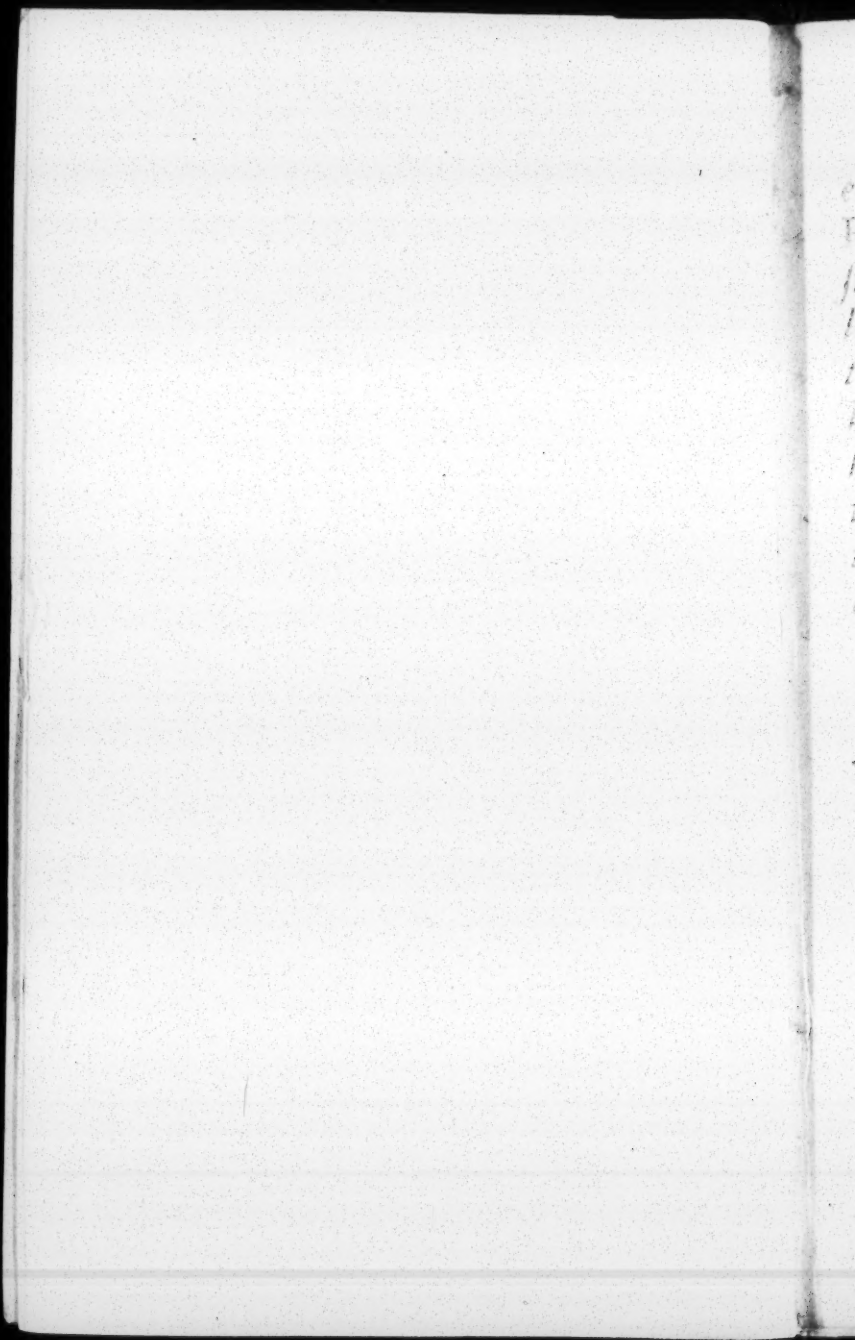
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# The PREFACE.

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Not that I hereby go about to excuse either of them as free from blame : For Rosamond was willing to taste the Pleasures of the Court, and yet perhaps believed she could have kept herself from the Pollutions of it. But she before-hand knew the King had a great Kindness for her ; and had the fatal Consequence of it too plainly laid before her by her Parents, to make the least Defence for what she did by pleading Ignorance. And as to Mrs. Shore, tho' I believe she never did at first design to go so far as she did afterwards, yet when the King in disguise met her at Mrs. Blague's, and there purposed to her unlawful Love, it was a fair Item to her to go there no more : She indeed blamed him for proposing it, but that was not enough, she should not have gone there again, but staid with her own Husband, and then she had done well. If we would be Innocent, we must not only avoid doing Evil, but all the Ways that lead to it.

Let me therefore commend this History

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*to the serious Perusal of all that would avoid the Occasions of Sin; for here they shall see, Lust is a Pleasure bought with Pain, a Delight hatch'd with Disquiet, a Content pass'd with Fear, and a Sin finish'd with Sorrow.*

*And if any are so weak as to be taken with the gaudy Trappings of Royalty, and glittering Poms of the Court, let them read on, and see the dreadful Catastrophe of this imaginary Greatness, and then make a Judgment thereof. They that imagine Rosamond happy in her Bower, let them behold her trembling with a Cup of Poison in her Hands, and in vain begging to be delivered from the dreadful Drought: And when she had drank it, let them behold the Triumph of Death over Beauty: And see what Disorders it makes in Nature, how her late beautiful Face is disfigur'd, and the Rose on her Cheeks all dead and withering, her Eyes distorted, and her whole Body swelled up, and labouring under hor-*

*rid*

## The PREFACE. · vii

rid Convulsions: And who would change Conditions with her now? And yet all this is but the Shell and Out-side, the least Part of the Wages of Sin.

And this we ought to be most cautious of, because as the Channels which Rivers have long time maintained, are hardly restrained of their Course; so Lust, in which we have been long plunged, is hardly purged.

So whilst some think Jane Shore was happy in being belov'd of King Edward; and having such Crowds of Petitioners attending her; yet such will soon change their Minds, when they come to find her doing Penance through Cheap-side, bare-foot and bare-legged, and afterwards gladly picking up the Refuse of the Dogs upon the Dung-hill, and at last dying in a Ditch.

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THE  
History of Fair Rosamund.

CHAR. I.

*Of the Purgeage and Birth of King  
Henry the Second, and by what Means  
he came to the Crown, &c.*

**K**ING Henry the First of England,  
and youngest Son of William the  
Conqueror, had several Chil-  
dren; so was Prince William his eldest  
Son, and Robert his youngest Son, and  
Maud

*Maud* or *Matilda*, and *Mary* Countess of *Perth*: But by an unhappy Accident lost them all but *Maud*; who being married to the Emperor *Henry* the Fifth of *Germany*, was very happily absent: The Matter was thus. The King having had Wars with the *French* King, and *Baldwin* Earl of *Flanders*, whom the *French* King had set on (for they were always a back Friend to *England*) there was near the Town of *Nice*, a great Battle fought between them, which continued for nine Hours, in which, tho' King *Henry* got the Victory, yet was he so hard put to it, that he confessed he fought not then for Victory, so much as for Life. To prevent therefore any more such bloody Battles, whilst he was Victorious, there were Overtures of Peace made him, which he hearkened to; and so it was concluded: To strengthen which, there was a Marriage made between *William* the King's eldest Son, and the Daughter of the Duke of *Anjou*; at the Solemnization whereof, there were very great and royal Feastings: But in their Return for *England*, the King went first, and his Children

in another Ship after him: But some of the Nobles that attended the Princes, staying a little behind the King, to take their Leaves, were very merry with their Friends, and by that Means the Mariners got such Plenty of Wine, that they were for the most part made very drunk; and coming away with full Sail, in Hopes to have over-taken the King, they run up-on the Shallows, where the Ship beating along by the Violence of the Wind and Waves, foundered; yet the Prince with his fair Bride, and many others, got into the Long Boat, and put off: But to hear the dreadful Cries of those that were left in the Ship and were just a sinking, would have almost pierced a Heart of Stone, especially to consider, how soon their Mirth was turned into the most lamentable Mourning: But amongst all their Cries, there was none made so deep an Impression upon the Prince, as those of *Mary* the Countess of *Perth*, his Sister, whom he dearly loved, who cried out most piteously to him, to take her in his Boat, and not suffer her to perish in the Waters; he commanded the Seamen

men to row back and take her in ; which they attempting to do, as soon as they came near, many others who were as willing to save their Lives as the Prince was his Sister's, laying hold of the Boat, and neither Words nor Swords being able to make them let go, sunk the Boat, and so they all perished together ; the Prince and his fair Lady making their Bride-bed in a watery Grave, with him perished also *Richard*, his younger Brother, *Mary* the Countess of *Pertb*, his sister *Lucia*, his Niece and her Husband the Earl of *Chester*, with many other Persons of Quality ; leaving behind them a sad Instance of the Mutability of Fortune, and the uncertainty of Human Life. There were only three or four of the Seamen that swam to the Shore upon Planks, who were the sad Relaters of this Tragical Ship-wreck, which filled the Court with the deepest Mourning, and the whole Nation with an universal Heaviness.

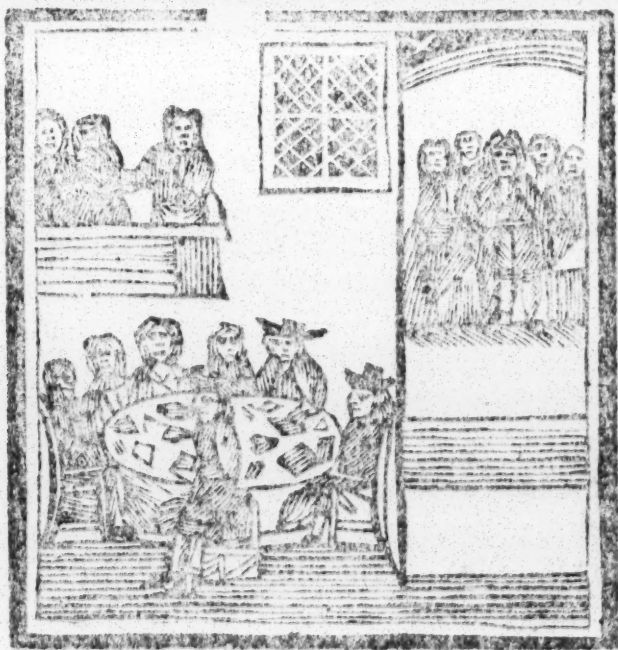
. The King's Children (all but *Matilda*, before named) being thus unhappily lost, and the Emperor her Husband dying without

without Children, she was again married to *Jeffery Plantagenet*, Earl of *Anjou*, and Heir to *Fulk*, Earl of *Anjou* in *France*; by whom she had Issue, three Sons, viz. *Henry*, *Jeffery*, and *William*. And now King *Henry* to make the Crown sure to his Daughter and her Children, swore the People of *England* three times, to be true and faithful to his Daughter *Maud* and her Heirs, and with their Lives and Estates to oppose their Enemies, and settle the Crown in his Line after his decease: But he dying, and being buried in the Abby of *Reading*, which he had founded, *Stephen*, Earl of *Blois*, Son to *Adele*, Daughter to *William* the Conqueror, ingratiating himself with the Nobles, and giving large gifts and immunities to those of the lower Rank, got himself crowned King; upon which, bloody Wars ensued, till at last it was agreed, that King *Stephen* should have the Crown during his Life, and that *Henry* should succeed; and *Stephen* soon after dying of Grief, for the untimely Death of his own Son; *Henry*, who was then victoriously warring in *France*,

*France*, came over, and was attended by a great Number of the Nobility; and was three Times crowned, viz. by *Theobald*, Archbishop of *Canterlury*, at *Westminster*, at *Lincoln*, and lastly, at *Worcester*; and soon after he married the Princess *Eleanor*, Daughter to the King of *Castile* and *Arragon*, by whom he had four Sons, viz. *Henry*, *Richard*, *Jeffery* and *John*. And in the beginning of his Reign he made many good Laws, conquered *Ireland*, and instituted an Assembly of his Peers, and other chief Men, in the Nature of a Parliament, to settle and manage the Affairs of the Kingdom: Warring often with the *French*, *Scotch*, and *Welch*, as also with his Sons, whom the *French* King stirred up to rebel against him in *Normandy*, and other his Territories beyond the Seas. But to pass over further Matters of State, I come now to speak of his Love to fair *Rosamond*, which is to be the chief Subject-Matter of this Book.



Chap. II. *How King Henry, though married to Queen Eleanor, hearing of the Beauty of fair Rosamond, became enamoured of her: How he took a Progress to her Father's House, &c.*



**K**ing Henry the Second was a very amorous Man tho' a great Warrior, and much given to take Delight in the Conversation of fair Ladies, with which his Court abounded, every one being

being willing to humour the Inclination of their Prince: And he once taking occasion to commend with a more than ordinary Passion, a Lady's excellent Features to one of his Courtiers, whom he highly esteemed for his Valour, he very freely gave him his Opinion of the Lady in this Manner: Your Majesty has indeed Judgment in Beauty ; the Lady you mention is fair and charming I confess, but for a King so highly to extol her, I see no such Perfections in her, that deserve such Praise from so noble a King: But if with humble Submission I may speak, I could tell your Majesty, I have a Niece, though but young, who, in my small Judgment of Beauty, as far surpasses this Lady, as she excells the meanest Beauty of your Court ; her Eyes sparkle like two Twin Stars, with such piercing Rays, that dazzle those that venture to gaze on them ; her Forehead is like a Heaven of Chrystal above them ; and her Eye-brows shine like Jet, and are arched like the Rainbow ; a Spring of Roses and Lillies are in her Cheeks, so mixed, that kind Nature never before made so fair a Mixture

ture of the purest White and Red ; her Nose a little rising exceeds that which *Apelles* painted *Venus* with, as the chiefest Ornament of her Beauty ; her Lips exceed the Coral whenever so finely polished, soft as the Crimson Velvet, hiding two rows of Orient Pearl ; her Chin, which with a little Dimple adds Beauty to the rest, and makes her Face a perfect Oval ; her rising Breasts are like two Hills of Snow, and her pretty Hands excel in Whiteness the Alabaster, and so spread and branched with various Veins of Azure, that the Blood in them might be seen through the soft transparent Skin : To be brief, she is the Master-piece of Nature, who when she made her cryed, *A lucky Hit*, and threw away the Mould, that none so lovely, fair and charming might come after, to dazzle the Eyes of Men, and wound their Hearts. The King hearing this Relation, could not but smile for Joy, and demanded of him in what Corner of the Kingdom so great a Beauty could be hid ; and if he might not see her to be satisfied whether the Description he had given, would

would agree to the Person ; or whether his Affection did not wrong his Judgment ? To this the Courtier, who perceived he had gone too far, and that the King began to be enamoured on the bare Report, would fain have drawn in his Words again ; but it was now too late, nor did he know how to excuse what he had said : However he replied, He indeed had made this Relation only to set out a perfect Beauty to the Life ; begging his Pardon and Excuse : But the King perceiving by the Coldness of his Reply, there was more than ordinary in it, grew angry, and told him he trifled with him, and charged him on his Allegiance to tell him the Truth, when fearing the King's Displeasure, the Courtier plainly said, there is such a Lady, Daughter to *Walter Lord Clifford*, and of my Sister, his Lady, living at *Godstow* in *Oxfordshire*, of whom many worthy Persons have been enamoured, and sought her in Marriage ; but have been refused, because her tender Heart is yet incapable of Love ; and this I affirm

firm is the Truth, on the Forfeiture of my Head: As for the Name of this fair Creature, it is *Rosamond*; and indeed she is rightly nam'd, for she is, if I have Skill in Beauty, the peerless Rose of the World. While they were thus discouraging, Queen *Eleanor* came to visit the King, which broke off any further Talk about her; nor needed the King any more, for his Heart was possess'd with a Desire to see her, that he could hardly sleep a Nights for thinking of her.

It was not long e're the King resolved to invite himself to her Father's House, and to that End took a Progress into *Oxfordshire*, attended only with some trusty Courtiers, and was highly welcomed by the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, who fearing what his Design was, ordered their Daughter not to appear in his Presence: But the King ordering one of his Attendants to enquire of the Servants to know if she was at home; and finding she was, demanded to see her, vowing he would not dine till he had. So that all their Excuses of Illness, and the like availed nothing; then she was ordered

ordered to put on her best Apparel, and come down, that she might pay her Duty to the King ; which she did in the most courtly Manner, her Blushes, if possible adding to her Beauty : So that at the first Sight she appeared in his Eyes like an Angel, whereupon he eagerly saluted her ; and Dinner being placed on the Table, he commanded she should sit down, causing her to be placed directly over against him, on whose pretty Eyes he so long gazed, that he forgot oftentimes to eat, taking in a long Draught of Love, which in the End, proved the Ruin of Fair *Rosamond*, by the Jealousy of his furious Queen, as in the Sequel of this History will appear.

C H A P.



CHAP. III.

*How King Henry won the Love of Fair Rosamond by rich Presents, and bribed her Governess to favour his Designs: how he went to France to subdue his Foes; the Letters that passed between him and his Mistress, with other Matters.*



**T**HE King having been highly entertained by the Lord Clifford, Father to Fair Rosamond, for three Days together, he had several Opportunities to discourse in Private with the

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charming Virgin, whom he so much won upon with Presents of rich Jewels, and other costly Things, that he raised an Ambition in her tender Breast, that before was a Stranger to it, to glitter near a Throne, though but in a Tinsel Splendor; for she was not ignorant he was already married, and that his Queen she could not be; though he often protested, if that Vacancy happen'd, he would raise her to the Dignity of the Crown. He also bestowed his Gold liberally on her Tutorefs, or Woman, who had the Care of her Education; which so blinded her Eyes, and prevailed over her Conscience, that she promised him to do all that was in her Power with the young Lady, to further his wished for Happiness. And so having given Store of Gold to all the Servants, he took his Leave of his fair Mistress with many endearing Kisses; which he had no sooner done, but that he heard Troubles were again risen in his Territories beyond the Seas, which required his Presence to alay and settle.

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The King soon raising a gallant Army, passed into *France*, the Terror of whole Name so daunted his Enemies, that they quickly fled, leaving the Towns and Places they had surprized, to his Obedience. Yet in the midst of Wars, Blood, and Slaughter, his Love prevailed, and made him write to *Fair Rosamond* in these Words:

*Fair Lady,*

**I** Nspired by the remembrance of your incomparable Beauty, to which your King is a Captive; I have nevertheless made my Enemies feel the Effects of my Anger, and mourn in Tears of Blood, my hasty parting from you, my Guardian-Angel, whose bright Idea being still before me, made me a Conqueror wheresoever I came: 'Tis you whom I hold dearer than all the Glories of a Crown: Permit me fair One, to assure you, my Stay shall not be long, and when I return, I'll place you in a glittering Sphere above the Reach of those you dread. In the mean while, let a languishing King prevail in his suit,

*when he begs a Line or two of Comfort  
from your dear Hand.*

HENRY, R.

This Letter somewhat surprized the young Lady, and filled her with Fears, and Irresolutions, not well knowing how she should behave herself in so weighty a Matter, and nearly concerning her good Name, Fame and Chastity; yet the glittering Prospect of Greatness and Honour, pleading on the other Hand, she resolved to shew it to her Tutorefs, who had not been negligent in soliciting her to accept the King's Love and Favour, as he had left directions with her to do; expecting hereby Advancement to herself, if she should be but effectually instrumental in bringing it to pass.

She no sooner read the Letter, but smiling in her Face, said, My dear Child, You may now well see, that all the happy Constellations agree, that so excellent a Beauty as yours, must not be enjoy'd by a mean Person; you are made for a  
Queen,

Queen, and in yeilding now to Fortune promised, is a large Step towards a Throne: You may perceive a *Jove* descending in a Golden Shower, to make you rich and glorious as *Diana*, tho' she was the Daughter of a King. Lay aside your Blushes, and send him a comfortable Answer: Let not too much modesty hinder you of so great an Honour, as being the Mistress of so noble a King.

This made her blushes come and go, long struggling within herself, till at last this crafty Matron used so many pressing Arguments, that she returned the following Answer.

Great Sir,

**T**Was with no small Astonishment I read a Letter subscribed with your royal Name, and sent to me, as I suppose by your own Hand; but am altogether ignorant of any such Power in me, as to make a Captive of a King: But could not I confess, read without some Pleasure, that my Idea, as your Majesty is pleased to flatter me, should have an Influence in making your Majesty a Conqueror over your In-

mies. Yet may it please your Majesty, I cannot but interest myself so much in your Affairs, as to rejoice when you are Victorious, and be glad of your Success: But as to my being placed in a glittering Sphere, above the reach of those I dread, I neither understand it, nor dare I give myself the Liberty of thinking what your Majesty's meaning may be therein: But as I know I deserve no such Promotion, so neither do I desire it: And as my own Innocency, so your Majesty's Royal Goodness is sufficient to keep me from any thing intended by it, that is incompatible with the strictest Rules of Honour and Virtue. And therefore, praying for your Majesty's Happiness, Prosperity, and safe Return, I beg leave with the humblest Submission, to subscribe myself,

May it please your MAJESTY,  
Your ever Dutiful, and  
most Obedient Subject,  
and humble Vassal,

ROSAMOND

Having



Having got this Letter from the Innocent young Lady, she took care to send it safely to the King, according to the Directions left her, inclosing it in one written by herself to the King, at the same Time, unknown to *Rosamond*, which spoke the following Language.

To the KING.

*Dread Sovereign,*

**B**OTH my own Inclinations to serve  
 your Majesty, as is my Duty,  
 and your Majesty's royal Bounty, has  
 made me leave no Stone unturned to  
 make fair *Rosamond*'s hitherto inflexible  
 Virtue give Place to your Majesty's  
 Pleasure; nor have the Pains I have taken  
 been altogether without Effect, as  
 your Majesty will see by the Inclosed,  
 which I have persuaded her to write  
 to your Majesty; which being her first  
 Essay, is sufficient to demonstrate, that  
 she has no Aversion to your Majesty;  
 which tho' it seems not to promise much,  
 yet I doubt not to cultivate it to a Passion  
 worthy of so great a Prince and your

\* Majesty; for your Majesty will easily  
 \* discern, that there are some sparks of  
 \* Affection couch'd therein, which I  
 \* will use all the Means that lie in my  
 \* Power, to blow up into a violent  
 \* Flame: For that she may meet you  
 \* with open Arms, to give you that Sa-  
 \* tisfaction which your Majesty so ear-  
 \* nestly desires, shall be the unwearied  
 \* Endeavour of,

*Your Majesty's obedient,  
 dutiful Subject and Servant,*

A L E T H E A.

The King having receiv'd the Letter,  
 first read that of *Alethea*, fair *Rosamond's*  
 Governess, till he came to these Words,  
*As your Majesty will see by the Inclosed;*  
 he then flung that out of his Hand, and  
 greedily takes up the other (which was  
*Rosamond's*) and reads it over and over;  
 then kisses it, and reads it again; and  
 then lays it down, and reads out *Ale-*  
*thea's*, then takes up *Rosamond's*, and  
 reads it again; and is it so, says the  
 King! Does *Rosamond* rejoice in my  
 Success,

Success, and pray for my Prosperity, and safe Return? then she is my own; and when I do return, I'll let her know in more endearing Terms, the Greatness of the Passion I have within my Breast, and what Returns I do expect from her. And to that purpose I'll soon make an End of all that Business which detains me here:

*All other Love's henceforward I'll decline,  
For now the Rose of all the World is mine.*

Pleased with these Thoughts, the King made all the haste he could, to put an End to those Affairs that kept him then in *Normandy*: But notwithstanding all his Endeavours to return suddenly Home, the unnatural, and rebellious Carriage of his Children, kept him much longer there than he intended.

## CHAP. IV.

*How the Lady Clifford discovered the Love that the King had for her Daughter, and after a severe Reprimand given to Rosamond, sent her away in private. How the King having got intelligence where she was, caused her to be brought to Court, &c.*



**T**HE King's Affairs keeping him in Normandy longer than he expected, it happened that the Lady Clifford, going into her Daughter's Closet, accidentally espy'd the King's Letter to Rosamond;

*Samond*; at which being extreamly surpriz'd as knowing nothing of what had pass'd between them, called her Daughter to her, and asked her, what was the Meaning of that Letter? *Rosamond* was as much surprized at that Question, as her Mother was at the Letter, being put to such a Non-plus that she knew not what to Answer; and therefore made her Blushes pass for one. Her Lady Mother taking her Silence for an Argument of her Guilt, took the Letter in her Hand, and went immediately to her Husband the Lord *Clifford*, who had a very tender Love for *Rosamond*; and shewing him the Letter, he was exceedingly disturb'd thereat; and so they both went to their Daughter's Chamber, and upbraiding her with being a Strumpet to the King, and taking away the only Comfort of their Lives, who look'd up on her as their chiefest Treasure; she kneeled down upon her knees, and solemnly protested to them, that she was still a pure, and an unblemished Virgin, and that she never had yet given up herself to the King's Embraces, or those

of any other Person whatsoever: This Solemn Protestation that she made, somewhat appeas'd her Father's Anger, who was afraid it had been worse: And seeing she persisted in the Truth of what she said, he bid her for the Satisfaction of his Mind, to tell the naked Truth, and let him know how 'twas she came by such a Letter. To which she answers thus:

My Lord and Father, I must confess the King has made Love to me; nor could I well avoid the hearing of it; For when he was so nobly treated here, how could I chuse but entertain him civilly; and tho' I must confess he gave me several Jewels of great Value, I thought they only were the Testimonies of that Respect he paid your Daughter, and not of any Love he had to me, till the last Day I saw him; and then indeed he told me, That if his Queen should die, no other Person under Heaven, should fill her Place but me. But I excused myself, if ever it should happen so, as being a poor silly Maid, and far unfit for  
such



‘ such a Prince’s Bed. Nor did I hear  
‘ more of him, until within this Fort-  
‘ night, this Letter was presented to me  
‘ by an unknown Hand, as I was going  
‘ to the Chapel; not knowing it was  
‘ from the King till I had read it, which  
‘ whilst I was doing, the Messenger  
‘ withdrew himself. And now my ho-  
‘ noured Father, I do desire to know  
‘ wherein I am Criminal, unless it be  
‘ in not acquainting you, I had received  
‘ a Letter from him?

Her Father having heard her, thus  
reply’d, ‘ My only Child, my dearest  
‘ *Rosamond*, the Staff and Comfort of  
‘ thy Father’s Age, I am glad to find  
‘ thou art still Innocent: Let me advise  
‘ thee Child to have a Care, and keep  
‘ thyself Unspotted as thou art: Gaze  
‘ not too much on the bright Sun of  
‘ Honour, lest it should make thee blind  
‘ to thy own Destruction; for should’st  
‘ thou come to glitter near the Throne,  
‘ it would be only with a faint Reflection,  
‘ that would have in it neither Life nor  
‘ Heat. What Honour would it be to  
‘ have it said, That *Rosamond* is King  
Henry’s



Henry's Concubine, and for unlawful  
Love has lost her Virtue? Consider,  
Child, if Chastity be gone, there's no-  
thing left Praise-worthy in a Woman:  
Pride not thyself in being Beautiful,  
it is falsely called so, if thou art not  
Chaste; for though thy Body appear  
ne'er so fair, yet without Chastity, it  
cannot be beautiful. Beauty is like  
the Flowers of the Spring, fair to the  
Sight, yet quickly fade away; but  
Chastity, is like the Stars of Heaven,  
that always shine with a refulgent  
Brightness; There is a Difference be-  
tween Love and Lust, for one is as  
far distant from the other, as Heaven  
is from Hell. And all the King's Ad-  
dresses unto thee, are the Effects of  
Lust, and not of Love; he has a Queen  
to whom his Love is due; and think  
what jealous Rage will fill her Breat  
when she shall know thou robb'st her  
of the King: For Jealousy is a Hell  
to the Mind, and a Terror to the  
Conscience, surpassing Reason, and  
inciting Rage. Think then my Child,  
what is it thou canst expect, in thy  
unlawful

‘ unlawful Love or rather Lust: Thou  
‘ wilt be sure to lose thy Virtue, and  
‘ Honour, thy Chastity, thy Reputation,  
‘ and which is most, perhaps thy Life;  
‘ and which is most of all, thy Soul,  
‘ without Repentance. If therefore thou  
‘ wilt change thy Virgin-state, I will  
‘ take care to get a Husband for thee,  
‘ with whom thou may’st live honestly;  
‘ and that perhaps may be a Means to  
‘ quench that Fire of Lust thy Beauty  
‘ may have kindled in the King, and  
‘ make thee safe, and us thy Parents  
‘ easy.’

Fair *Rosamond* gave great Attention  
to her Father’s Words, assuring them  
with great Assurances, that she wou’d  
to the utmost of her Power, avoid  
whatever should be displeasing to them.  
But that as to the changing her Condi-  
tion, she did humbly desire to be ex-  
cused, for that she had a Mind to live a  
Virgin.

Her Mother thereupon said, ‘ *Rosa-*  
‘ *mond*, it would be much more to  
‘ my Satisfaction, and to your Father’s  
‘ too, to see you married, for then I  
‘ could

could believe you out of Danger; and you well know my Lord *Fitz-Walter* has a Passion for you, a Nobleman of an Illustrious Family, as Wealthy too, as most Lords in the Kingdom; your Father would be glad of such a Son-in-law, and so should I, to see you so well married; and therefore, do not stand in your own Light, lest you thereby, do make us both believe you have too great a Kindness for the King.

To this *Rosamond* answered, She should be willing to give them all the Satisfaction they desired; but hoped they would not put her upon Courting my Lord *Fitz-Walter*, however well accomplished he might be; but that it was enough for her to Entertain him when he came to Court her. Her Father told her, as to that, he would take care that all things should be managed to her Satisfaction; but when he came to Court her, he expected that she should treat him as a Person worthy of her Love, for he should measure the Duty that she paid to him, by the Respect  
she

she gave to that young Gentleman. To which she only answered, *she hoped she should in no respect be wanting in her Duty.*

But while the good Lord Clifford and his Lady, were pleased in their designed disposal of their Daughter, King Henry was returned from Normandy, having concluded all his Business there, and made a Peace with France, and with his Sons. This made fair Rosamond very indifferent to the Lord Fitz-Walter, who by Permission of her Father courted her; so that she told him plainly, she had a greater Kindness for him, than to expose him to the King's Resentment. For she was sure whoever courted her, must undergo the Anger of the King. And this was such a Blow to the young Lord, as quickly cooled his Courage, for that he had no mind to have the King his Rival. But before he went away, he told her Father how he had been dismissed by Rosamond; who then perceiving there was no trusting unto what she said, resolved to take another Course with her, and  
save

save her from impending Ruin, though against her Will; and to that End in two Days Time, ordered a Coach and Horses to be ready, and every Thing prepared for a long Journey; and then calling for *Alethea*, fair *Rosamond's* false Governess, of whom they then had not the least Mistrust, told her, their Thoughts of the King's Love to *Rosamond*, and to what Misery it would expose her to; (at which she shewed a most extream Surprize) and told her, That in order to prevent it, they would have her married to the Lord *Fitz-Walters*, who, as she knew, had lately courted her, and then in what Manner she had dismissed him: And here *Alethea* thought it time for her to speak a little, lest too much Silence should betray her Falshood; and therefore told them, ' She often wonder'd why she treated that young Nobleman with so much coldness, as she had seen her do: And once, said she, I took Occasion to tell her of it; Madam, said I, I think you treat your Lover but indifferently. As he deserves, said she, to me. Deserves! said I, I think my

my Lord *Fitz-Walter* deserves a Lady of the greatest Fortune in the Kingdom, because his Person and Estate will answer it. Your Judgment and mine differs, *Alethea*, said she, to me again: Besides, I think my Beauty may deserve more than anothers Fortune, although my own is not contemptable. In short, I do expect a better Husband.

O *Alethea*! said the old Lord to her,  
‘ it was the King that *Rosamond* intend-  
‘ ed; Ambition has the Ascendant of  
‘ her Soul: And nought will serve her  
‘ but the King’s Embraces: This is the  
‘ Thing we would now prevent, and  
‘ honest *Alethea*, thou must help us in it.  
‘ Therefore, thou and she, to Morrow  
‘ Morning, must with all Privacy imagi-  
‘ nable, depart from hence to *Cornwal*,  
‘ unto a Kinsman’s there, near to *Lon-*  
‘ *ceston*; there she may live in Private  
‘ undiscover’d, and until the King’s Af-  
‘ fections are diverted, and placed upon  
‘ some other Meritorious Beauty. And  
‘ for your Care in attending, and watch-  
‘ ing her Waters, as we say, thou shalt  
‘ not

“ not only have our Thanks, but be  
“ well rewarded also.

I will be sure, said she, to do my Duty, and think you take the wisest Course to save your Daughter both from Shame and Ruin.

With that, the good old Lord presented her with some broad Pieces of old Gold as a Reward, as he thought, of her faithfulness. And the next Morning, *Rosamond* and her Governess, or Woman, coached it away for *Cornwal*, and in a few Days came to her Kinsman's House, where they were well received.

But when the Wolf is set to keep the Sheep, they are not very long like to be safe: For *Althea*, bribed largely by the King, was all this while the grand Intreaguer in this Love-affair; who took an Opportunity of sending to the King, a large Account of all Things that had passed; and how far they were sent to take the Air; and she to watch the Waters of fair *Rosamond*.

King *Henry* having this Intelligence, and thereby understanding how Things went,



went, resolved to have her out of all their Hands; and thereupon sent for her Uncle to come to him presently: Who being come, he told him he had a Piece of Service to command him in, which he would expect to be most punctually obeyed. Her Uncle told him, he hoped he would not question his Allegiance, nor the Performance of his Duty to him; And therefore humbly did beseech his Majesty to let him know what service it was to do.

*'Tis said the King, to go immediately to Cornwall, where at your Kinsman's near Lancelton, you'll find your beautiful Kinswoman fair Rosamond; present her with this Jewel from me; and use your best Endeavour to bring her to my Court, without her Parents knowledge.*

Her Uncle seem'd a little startled at a Command so far from what he did expect, which when the King observed, Ho, my Lord, said he, have I shocked yethen? Where's your Allegiance now?

Here in my Heart, reply'd her Uncle, where it has always been; of which your Majesty shall soon be satisfied, by  
my

my Obedience. For he was loth the King should think he was unwilling to obey him, lest he should thereby incur his Displeasure, and run the Risque of having those great Offices he held under the King took from him. 'Twas only for the sake of those he undertook the ungrateful Service, which the King imposed upon him.

Having received the King's Commands, away he goes to *Cornwal*, where finding of his Kinswoman, according as the King had told him, he made as if he had called there by Accident, having come down about some other Business: Then told her how exceeding glad he was to find her there. And after some jocose Discourse together, asked her if she would go up with him to Court, for he was sure the King would make her welcome; which tho' he only spoke to feel her Pulse, he found her willing to accept his Offer; and therefore without any more to do, provided for her Journey a very noble Chariot; and so attended with her Governess, and a few trusty Servants, he brought her to the Court.

Court, and put her into those private Lodgings which were before appointed by the King for her Reception.

Her Uncle having acquainted the King that she was come, and how he had disposed of her, he went that very Night to give her a Visit.

And now seeing that Beauty in its full Bloom, which was but blooming when he saw her last, he was surprized with Wonder and Amazement: And *Rosamond*, knowing it was the King, as she was kneeling down upon her knees, he run and took her up, with this Exordium:

O Fairest of Creatures under Heaven! kneel not to me, for thy excellent Beauty, Commands all knees and Hearts to Bow to thee: (*Then Kissing her, as if he would have sucked away her Breath*) Welcome to me, said he, my sweetest Rose: Welcome to Henry's Court, my dearest *Rosamond*: All here, my *Rosamond* is at thy Command; for I no Servant have but what is thine. Then say, my sweetest Rose, what is it here that thou wilt ask of *Henry*?

Then

Then being silent, as expecting her Reply, *Rosamond* answered thus:

‘ Under the Frowns of my offended  
‘ Parents, I beg Protection at your Roy-  
‘ al Hand, and that within your Court  
‘ I may be Free.

‘ Free, said the King, Alas, my *Ro-  
‘ samond*, ’tis I have reason to make that  
‘ Petition; for you have long since made  
‘ your King a Captive.

‘ Pardon me, gracious Sovereign,  
‘ reply’d *Rosamond*, for if I’ve guilty  
‘ been of such a Crime, I am sure it  
‘ was a Sin of Ignorance.

To which the King reply’d, ‘ Ah *Ro-  
‘ samond*! You’ve made me Captive, but  
‘ without a Crime; for it is your Beau-  
‘ ty has inthrawled my Heart; that  
‘ wondrous Beauty that is without a Pa-  
‘ rallel. And for that Protection which  
‘ you beg, King *Henry* tells you, that  
‘ you may command it; and it is the  
‘ highest Reason that you should. But  
‘ tell me *Rosamond*, wherein could you,  
‘ whose very Thoughts are always Pure  
‘ and Chaste, unto your Parents give  
‘ the least Offence?

‘ Dread

“Dread Sir, *reply'd fair Rosamond*, again, my very being here is an Offence, I came unto your Court without their Leave; and for that Reason your Protection ask.”

To which the King return'd, “I have already said, You shall command it. But sure, *continued he*, your Parents were in the Wrong, to hinder you from coming to the Court: Where should the peerless Sun of Beauty shine, but at the Court, its true Meridian? And to shut up those Beams within a Corner, that should enlighten and irradiate the whole Kingdom, must needs be a great Error. However, *Rosamond*, here you are safe; for any he, let him be whom he will, may as well take the Crown from off my Head, or pluck me from my Throne whereon I sit, as offer the least Injury to you; and I'll as much resent it.”

To which *fair Rosamond* only reply'd, I think your Gracious Majesty, and will henceforth esteem myself secure under your promised Protection.

This Discourse having pass'd, a short Collation ensued, wherein the King

C showed

shewed himself extreamly pleas'd and *Rosamond* herself seem'd very well contented. After Supper the King told her, that in Regard of the Fatigues of her Journey, he would give her no farther Disturbance that Night; but would suddenly visit her again, and charging her Uncle to have a particular Regard to her, and see that she wanted nothing she desired, he took his Leave of her for that Time.

*Alethea*, who was her Governess, was with her still, and did all she could to persuade her to yeild to the King's Embraces: But *Rosamond* seemed averie to it, what her Father had before said to her, running in her Mind. However, she dressed herself with all the Gallantry imaginable, according to the Mode of that Age, and the King having made her a Present of some very rich Jewels, she wore them all, to make herself appear more Beautiful and Glorious: Tho' to speak truth, her native Beauty was sufficient, without any help from Art, to charm the Greatest Monarch in the World.

And now the King, who had two or three times visited *Rosamond* as a Friend, began to be impatient of Delay, and thought it was high Time to have some close Conversation with her. And therefore coming one Evening to see her, (for he generally visited her in an Evening, for the greater Privacy) he accosted her in these Terms;

*I have hitherto flatter'd myself, my sweetest Rosamond, that you have had a Kindness for me, but now I begin to find I was mistaken; for now I too plainly see you have no regard for me.*

*How,* said *Rosamond*, somewhat surprized. *Can your Majesty think I have no regard for my Protector, under whose Royal Court I live here secretly? If I have any way been wanting in my Duty, or given your Majesty just Occasion for such Thoughts pray let me know it, that I may better pay your Majesty the Duty that I owe you. But notwithstanding what you have been pleased to say, I can hardly believe your Majesty does think so.*

*How is it possible,* reply'd the King, *I can think otherwise, when I've been*  
 C 2 *your*



\* your Captive, and yet you never go  
\* about to set me free? Have not I of-  
\* ten told you, You have wounded me,  
\* and yet you never go about to apply  
\* that Sovereign Balm, by which my  
\* Wounds are only capable of being  
\* cured? And is not this next to a De-  
\* monstration, that you have but little  
\* Kindness for me?

To this fair *Rosamond*, with Blushes  
that still render'd more fair, reply'd as  
follows: "Your Majesty is pleased to  
speak to me in Figures, but I am but a  
simple Maid, and cannot understand  
them. So far you seem to me from be-  
ing a Captive, that you appear the only  
Man that is free. For were it otherwise,  
I would make myself a Captive to pre-  
cure your Liberty, if that could do it.  
And did I see you wounded, if my own  
Blood could cure you, you should have  
it. Therefore Great Sir, I would not  
have you charge me so unjustly: For  
whilst you are at Liberty, and well, I  
do not see in what it is that I can serve  
your Majesty."

To

To this fetching a Sigh, the King made this reply: Ah *Rosamond*! I know you understand me well enough; but who is more blind, than those that will not see: But since you force me to speak more plainly, know it is your Beauty that has wounded me; and it is your Charms makes me a Captive to you, Love calls for Love; nor can my Wounds be cured without Enjoyment, if therefore you have the regard for me, your Words would seem to intimate, shew that it is real, by admitting me to your Embraces, and grant me the full Fruition of your Love."

*Rosamond* seemed extremely disorder'd at what the King said last, and rising up, was going to kneel down, but the King would not suffer her, but plucked her up again, and said, "Kneel not, my dearest *Rosamond*; it is I should kneel to thee—I only ask——"

Here *Rosamond* interrupting him, said, Ask for my Life Great Sir, and you shall have it; or any thing that is in my Power to give; But ask not for my Honour, nor to give up my Virgin Jewel;

for that is so precious, and so valuable, I can never part with it, but to a Husband. My outward Form, is but the Casket only; it is Virtue is the Jewel, and when that is gone, what Worth is in the other? Not a poor Peasant would esteem that; much less is it a Present for a King. Nor would your Majesty, if I should part with it, regard me afterwards but as a Strumpet. She that has lost her Honour, is but a faded Flower, how Gay soever she appeared before; and like a clouded Diamond, of no Value. It is Virtue only is the precious Jewel, that ever shines with unclouded Lustre.

————— *And then kneeling down, said thus:* Then let me beg you, Sir, to ask no more, for that which I can never grant but to a Husband.

The King was mightily surprized to hear such Words from fair *Rosalind*, of whom he thought to make an easy Conquest: And was as much in love with her good Parts and Virtue, as he was with her Beauty. But as he knew Stones with continual Dropping of the Water wear away, so he never doubted but with repeated

repeated Sollicitations, he might at last overcome this stubborn Beauty. And therefore unto what she had last said, he thus reply'd :

Think not, my *Rosamond*, that it is Lust which makes me solicit for Enjoyment: No, no my Love is no such smoaky Fire, but burns as clear as Vessels at the Altar ; nor would I as you say, receive that Gift that Virtue could not give me. Kings you know have a peculiar Prerogative, and move in Spheres above the common Rank. Their Priviledge it is to have many Wives, when Subjects are by Law confin'd to one : And therefore, though *Eleanor* be Queen, yet *Rosamond* shall reign as well as she, and ever in my Heart command as Chief. We will be married first my *Rosamond*, and then I hope you will not scruple it.

I know not, Sir, said *Rosamond*, whether it be a lawful Thing to marry one that has a Wife already ; but if that can be proved I have nothing to object ; for I have no Aversion to your Person, nay I have a Value for you above others,

both as a Man, and much more as you are my King and Sovereign.

The King then gave her several kisses, with many Promises to make her Happy, if she agreed to what he had proposed. And having left *Rosamond*, goes to *Althea*, her Governess, for whom he had yet a great Respect, and told her, what Repulses he had met withal from *Rosamond*, instead of that Enjoyment he expected. *Althea*, as one that was Calharden'd in Wickedness, told the King, That if his Majesty pleased to follow her humble Advice, he should not enter into any further Parlies with her, but that he should find a far nearer Way to the Happiness he desired; for as to being Married, it would be both a dilatory Thing, and of no Avail, when it was done, as she intended to inform *Rosamond*.

But what is the Way then that you would advise to? said the King to her.

May it please your Majesty, said *Althea*, the Way that I would have you to take is this: That you should come in to my Chamber to Morrow Night, a  
little

little before Bed-time; and I will leave you there alone a-while, till I have got my Lady *Rosamond* to Bed; and whereas I lie with her every Night, I will delay the Time of my going to Bed, as I sometimes do, till she is asleep; and then I will bring your Majesty into the Chamber, and you shall go to Bed to her in my stead; and I doubt not but before the Morning Light, your Majesty will be satisfied, that all her Anger will be over; and for the future your Admittance will be easy.

The King was very well pleased with this Contrivance of *Alethea*, and as a Token thereof, presented her with a rich diamond Ring, and told her, he would follow her Advice; and be with her incognito the next Night.

*Alethea* going afterwards to *Rosamond*, she told her what had passed between the King and her, and how the King had promised to Marry her. And asked, whether such a Marriage would stand good? *Alethea* told her, No; and that it would but enrage Queen *Isabella* the more against her, for, said she, King's

may indeed be allowed Concubines, but not more Wives than one: And though Concubines are not married, yet are they counted next in Honour to the Queen, and take Place of all the Nobility.

*Rosamond* was pretty well pleased to hear this, for Ambition had a great Ascendant over her Soul: She was willing to be Great, but loath to be thought a Whore, And therefore could not tell how to brook the thoughts of the King's Lying with her; and therefore had a Mind to have gone back again to *Cornwal*, rather than suffer herself to be dishonoured by the King. But *Alethea* told her she was safe enough where she was, and to be sure the King would do nothing to displease her. Whereupon she resolved to wait, and see what would be the Issue of her last Conference with the King.

The next Evening the King came to *Alethea* according to Time, to whom *Alethea* told what Discourse she had had with *Rosamond*; and how she had talked of going back into the Country: But



I hope, *said she*, your Majesty will make her of another Mind before to Morrow Morning.

You may be sure, *said the King*, I will not be wanting on my Part. And thereupon *Alethea* went to get *Rosamond* to Bed, as she was wont to do: And in about an Hours Time, (which the King's Impatience of Delay made him think an Age) she came back again to the King, and told him, That if he pleased to follow her, she would bring him to *Rosamond*, who was in her Bed, and asleep.

The King needed no persuasions to follow her, but went immediately to her Chamber, and there soon disrobed himself; and *Alethea*, taking her leave of him, left him to manage his Business with *Rosamond*, according to his own Discretion.

The King having shut the Door, and locked it after *Alethea*, went into Bed to *Rosamond*, who was fast asleep, not dreaming of the treacherous Part that *Alethea* play'd. The King not willing presently to wake his charming Mistress, lay still; but lying closer to her than

*Alethea*

*Aethica* used to do, she waked of herself, and not knowing but it was *Aethica* that was in Bed with her, I prithee Governess, said she, (for so she used to call her, and such she thought she was) lie further off a little, you crowd so close, as if you'd thrust me out of Bed.

And now the King thought it a proper Time to speak to her, and let her know who it was that was her Bed-fellow; and thereupon bespeaks her thus, 'My dearest *Rosamond*, it is not your Governess, it is your King that lies so close to you, (and thereupon embraced her in his Arms) and sure you need not fear that I would thrust you out of Bed.'

It is not easy to imagine how great was the Surprise that *Rosamond* was in at this Discovery; and fain she would have gotten out of Bed; but the King held her fast, and would not let her go.

O Sir, said she, I could not think you would have served me thus, when you assured me, that in your Court I should be safe and free.

Yes said the King, I know I promisec  
it, and you shall find, that to a Tittle I  
will make good my Word, for you shall  
be as free, and safe as ever.

If it be so, said *Rosamond*, pray let  
me go, and give me leave to rise.

No, said the King, then I should break  
my Word, you cannot be more safe  
than in my Arms; for now I am sure no-  
thing can injure you.

O Sir, consider, she reply'd again,  
what can be more injurious to poor *Ro-  
samond*, than thus to have her Honour  
taken from her?

Your Honour, said the King! I am  
the Fountain of Honour here; and what  
I take, I can restore again: Nor can what  
I shall do, be in the least imputed unto  
you; for it is I alone am the Aggressor;  
and therefore, if it be a Fault, it is  
wholly mine; you are but passive in it.

[coy,

*Come then thou rose o' th' world; be no more  
But love's delights let's mutually enjoy:  
The precious minutes let's no longer waste,  
But love's delicious sweets let's freely taste;  
The night will all thy conscious blushes hide,  
Imagine*

*Imagine now that thou art Henry's bride,  
Who'll thee prefer to all the world beside.*

*Rosamond* now found Resistance would be in vain, and that since Things were gone so far, she had better oblige the King, than to deny him that which he would take, whether she would or no. And thereupon, without resisting any farther, suffered the King to do what he pleased; which pleased the King so well, that before the Morning Light appeared, he pleased fair *Rosamond* also; and their pleasing Embraces at last left them asleep in one anothers Arms, until the Sun peeped in to see what they were a doing, which having first awaked fair *Rosamond*, she was surprized to find herself naked in the King's Arms; which summoned up the Blood into her Face, and added a fresh Beauty to her Charms. The King perceiving her somewhat disordered, gave her good Words to keep her spirits up; saying, ' My dearest *Rosamond*, as thou hast thus obliged me, ' doubt not but I will be always true to ' thee. Thou shalt want nothing in my ' Power

‘ Power to give: Thou hast made me  
‘ happy, though against thy Will; and  
‘ to requite thee, I will willingly make  
‘ you so, if all that I possess is capable of  
‘ doing it.’ And thereupon sealing his  
Promises with many Kisses, he once more  
quenched his amorous Flames with substantial Joys.

For a Time these two happy Lovers often met, and enjoyed their wanton Dalliances in Private; but the Envy of some Court-ladies, to whom the King had been wont to shew the same Kindness, finding themselves now neglected for this peerless Beauty, being filled with Revenge and Indignation, did by their secret Whispers, soon spread abroad the King’s Familiarity with *Rosamond*, not only in the Court, but Country also, so that the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, *Rosamond*’s Father and Mother, heard it with much Grief; and those that had been her Suiters, were almost distracted, seeing they had irreparably lost their Hopes of enjoying so precious a Jewel, seeing she was now mounted on so high a Pinnacle of Honour, that she was got above

bove their reach. And the King, who knew his Love to be no longer Secret, not only smiled at the Complaints, and bitter Reproaches of his jealous Queen; but caused his fair Mistress to be sumptuously Attired, appointing Servants to attend and wait upon her where-ever she went; so that being decked in Silks, and Gold Embroideries, and Gems, she dazzled the Eyes of all Beholders, who could easily distinguish between fair *Rosamond* and all the other Beauties of the Court: she as far out-shining them, as the bright Beams of *Phæbus*, out-vies pale *Cynthia's* Light, insomuch that the Beauty of *Rosamond*, and her great State at Court, became the Table-talk of all the Nation.

The King, being every Day more and more pleased with *Rosamond*, that her Friends and Relations might be the better Satisfied, promoted them to Honour, and gave them places of Profit; and *Rosamond* became the only Intercessor for all that wanted any thing to be done at Court; for whatever Favour she ask'd she was sure not to be denied; by which she not only advanced and relieved  
many

many decayed Families, - but often stood between Death, and such as had incurred the King's Displeasure, saving many that were condemned to die; and in all Things she used those good Offices with her enamour'd Sovereign, as gained her a general good Esteem, especially amongst the ordinary sort of People whose loud Shouts and general Acclamations declared their Satisfaction.

*Joseph Garton*  
*his Book*

1786

CHAP



CH A P. V. *How Q. Eleanor plotted to destroy fair Rosamond; to prevent which, she is removed to a stately Bower at Woodstock; How the Queen to further her cruel design, caused her Son to raise War against his Father in Normandy.*



**Q**Ueen *Eleanor* growing outrageous, when she perceived no kind Words nor Intreaties, mixed with Threats, could wean the King her Husband's Love from his new Mistress; and

and though he laboured other ways all he could to please and pacify her, yet he set her Engines on work to fright her from his Arms, and for the Safety of her Life inclose herself in a Nunnery which according to those superstitious Times was held so Sacred and Inviolable, that whoever enter'd it, could not be taken out again; no, not by the King, without committing Sacrilege, and incurring the Pope's Curse. But fair *Rosamond* shewing him some Letters, threatening her Destruction, that were dropp'd in her Lodgings on purpose for her to find and read, thereby to terrify and affright her from his Arms; such Enquiry was made about it, that some of these that had done it, were discovered by Similitude of Hands, and severely punish'd and many of the Ladies, who spoke distractingly of her, and gave her Affronts, were banish'd the Court; insomuch, that at length, perceiving the King was in earnest, resolutely bent to defend his fair One, they gave over any further Projects of this Nature: And to prevent Violence, he appointed her a  
Guard

Guard to wait on her at Home and Abroad; and to remove her further from the Queen's Sight, that her Envy and continual Clamours, if possible, might cease, he caused a stately Palace, call'd *The Delightful Bower of Woodstock*, in *Oxfordshire*, to be built with great cost, with all the cunning turnings and windings imaginable, far exceeding the *Dædalian Labyrinth* which he appointed for her Country Retirement, when she pleas'd to take the Air.

This stately Bower had many Entries and Passages under Ground, into which Light came thro' narrow Stone Crevices, shaded with Bushes not perceivable to those that walked above, rising with Doors in Hills far distant, to escape from Danger, upon any timely Notice though the Place should be suddenly besieg'd and surrounded; and within this stately Bower were intricate Mazes and Windings thro' long Entries, Rooms and Galleries, strongly secur'd with a hundred and fifty Doors: So that to find the Way out, and into the most remote Apartments, the skilful

Artist had left a Silver Clew of Thread, without the Guidance of which, it was next to impossible to be done. About this Bower were curious Gardens, Fountains and a Wildernesse, with all manner of Delights for pleasant Situation, and Recreation, to furnish it as another Earthly Paradise, for so fair a Creature to inhabit; and thither the King often resorted to see his beloved *Rosamond*.

But this more vexed the enraged Queen, not only that she should have so famous a Palace, built on purpose for her, but that the King staid whole Weeks in his Visits, and left her to lie tumbling and tossing in much Perplexity, whilst another enjoyed the Embraces she expected; wherefore she consulted with her Sons, now Men grown, how to be revenged; and after many Things argued, and considered, it was agreed amongst them, that Prince *Richard*, afterward King of *England*, should go over and joyn with the *French*, to raise War against his Father in *Normandy*, then belonging to the Crown of *England*; which whilst he effected,  
speedily

speedily would withdraw the King to aid his Subjects, and subdue his Enemies; and so leaving his fair Mistress behind him, and *Rosalind* being destitute of her chief Defence, might lie open to their Plots and Contrivances against her Life, which while he was present, would be frustrated. Nor was Prince *Richard* slow in this, but made a fierce War, beat the King's Lieutenant, and took many Towns; which News coming to the King's Ear, roused him as a Lion from his Den, and fill'd him with Princely Resolution of Revenge: 'Tis true indeed, those different Passions of Revenge and Love, long struggled in his Breast, but Love at last gave place unto his Honour, vowing his Love should make Revenge more sharp. And therefore he resolv'd to pass the Sea, with a well disciplin'd, and Royal Army.

## CHAP. VI.

*How the King took his leave of fair Rosamond, to pass the Seas, and the great Sorrow she made for his Departure, with his comfortable Words to her: How he left her in the Care of her Uncle, and went to fight against his haughty Foes, &c.*



**T**His Resolution of the King, by means of the Keeper of her Bower, came to the Ears of *Rosamond*, which she received with an inexpressible Grief: Her

Her Soul was filled with Mourning, to hear it; her Heart was turned a Wardrobe of true Passion; the rosy Dye that decked her blushing Cheeks grew pale, and Clouds immur'd the muffled Skies of her resplendent Beauty: So great her Sorrow was, it even made the Stars for pity drop down from the Spheres, and *Cynthia* in a gloomy Vale of Darkness, inshroud the pale Beams of her borrow'd Light: Had but Queen *Eleanor* beheld her now, her Envy would have fallen fast asleep, and Cruelty herself have fell a Weeping.

The King however, firm to his Resolves, being just ready to depart for *Normandy*, went last of all to take his Leave of fair *Rosamond*; and to assure her of his Love and Kindness: *Rosamond* had some Notice of his coming, and of the Errand he was come about; when strait her Eyes grew dim, and down upon the Ground forthwith she fell, and every Object danc'd before her in the Maze of Death: Her Eyes were closed, and though she sat in Darkness, without the Help of Light, her Beauty shined.

The



The King came in, and found her on the Floor, in all the Storm of Grief, sighing such breaths of Sorrow, that her Lips, which late appeared like Buds, were now over-blown; and when she came a little to herself, she poured forth Tears at such a lavish Rate, that were the World on Fire, they might have drowned the Wrath of Heaven, and quenched the mighty Ruin. It would raise the Pity of a marble Breast, to see the Tears force through her lovely Eyes, and lodge themselves on her red murmuring Lips: Which after a small Repite, faintly said, ' Ah, dearest Prince! ' How cruel is unkind Fortune unto Lovers, that we must so soon part; and ' my presaging Soul forbodes never to ' meet again in this World, if now you ' leave me to the irreconcilable Hatred ' of my merciless Enemy, quite void of ' your Royal Shelter and Protection: ' O for this did I resign myself into your ' Arms, and gave up my Virgin Innocency, and unspotted Treasure to your ' Will and Pleasure! O is there no English General, trusty and valiant enough

‘to defeat, and scourge your Rebels,  
‘but must you be separated from your  
‘faithful constant *Rosamond*, and venture  
‘your precious Life, which is now dear-  
‘er to me than my own, and all the va-  
‘luable Things in this World.’

She would have proceeded, but a  
mighty Sorrow for a Time stopped the  
Utterance of her Voice, and she had  
fallen to the Ground, had not the King  
caught her in his Arms, tenderly em-  
bracing her, and kissing her wan and  
faded Checks and Lips a thousand Times.  
Then setting her down by him, he said,  
‘Fairest of Creatures, thou fairest, and  
‘most fragrant Rose of all the World,  
‘afflict me not thus with thy Tears; but  
‘dearest *Rosamond*, at my Entreaty let  
‘them cease to flow, and let not such a  
‘mighty Sorrow impair thy lovely Beau-  
‘ties, you are not ignorant, how often  
‘I have been victorious over those very  
‘Enemies, that now dare me fight to  
‘their Destruction: I cannot, but confess  
‘indeed, I am grieved to part with my  
‘sweet *Rose*; but adverse Fortune proves  
‘an Enemy to us both, in constraining

‘ this unkind Separation ; but no doubt  
‘ my Return will be speedy, and with  
‘ Success, then the Laurel of Victory I  
‘ shall gain by dint of Sword, shall crown  
‘ my fairest Mistress, and make her smile  
‘ when we meet again to renew our Joys  
‘ and Delights. In the mean while, my  
‘ precious Jewel, I will wear thee on my  
‘ Heart; nor shall the rude Alarms of  
‘ the War drive thy Image thence.’

To this *Rosamond*, with Tears still  
flowing, and her snowy Arms cast about  
his Neck, replied, ‘ And why may not  
‘ I go with my so much-loved Lord? I’ll  
‘ dress me like a Page, and wait on you  
‘ in all your Dangers; and when in the  
‘ Heat of Battle, your precious Life is  
‘ in Distress, by the threatning Sword  
‘ and Spear, I will boldly step between,  
‘ and by receiving the Wounds that  
‘ threaten you, guard your Life with  
‘ the Loss of my own: Wait on you in  
‘ your Tent, and dress your Food in the  
‘ Day, and at Night I’ll make your  
‘ Princely Bed soft and easie to you;  
‘ and take Delight to do you all the  
‘ Pleasure that I can. O take me with  
D 2 ‘ you

‘ you, for there is no such Safety in the  
‘ World for me, as in your royal Camp;  
‘ but waiting for you, my Life is Death.

She would have proceeded, but the King stopped her Voice with many tender Kisses, and interrupting her, said, My fairest *Rose*, you are not fit to brooke the toils of War; Ladies cannot endure the Fatigues and Hardships of Camps, soft Peace, and delightful Pleasures, are most agreeable to their sweet Tempers, therefore you must stay in *England’s* peaceful Soil till I return. Then calling to Sir *Thomas*, her Uncle, the trusty Knight, who had first given him an Account of her rare Beauty, he said, Here worthy Knight, I commit this inestimable Treasure to your sole Care and Conduct, my fair *Rosamond*; a Treasure far more valuable than a Kingdom; take to you a strong Guard for her Defence, and be careful, I charge you, as you tender your Life, that none be permitted to see her till my return. And expect my fair Mistress, I shall often write to you, and require your Answers. Alas, said she, this Parting is worse than Death,  
and

and I am afraid my Death will be the fatal Issue of it. I am sure the Soul and Body cannot part with so great Pain, as I now part with you. Fain would I speak the last Farewel, but cannot, there are so many Deaths in that hard Word. Go, Royal Sir, that I may know my Grief; for Grief is but guessed while you are standing by: But I too soon shall know what absence is: It is the Sun's parting from the frozen North, while I stand looking on some Icy Cliff, to watch the last low Circles that he makes, till he sinks down from Heaven. Ah *Rosamond* reply'd the King to her, Methinks there is such mournful Success in parting, that I could hang for ever on thy Arms, and look away my Life into thy Eyes. But I have far to go, and must hasten. And so, said *Rosamond* again, if Death be far, for that is the Stage to which I now am going; from whence I never, never shall return. And so in Tears parted from each other.

*How upon the King's departing the Land, the Queen call'd a Council to debate the Destruction of fair Rosamond; How they laid an Ambush near the Bower, and drawing out the Knight, who guarded it, slew him and many others, when getting the Silver Clue, the Queen found fair Rosamond arrayed like an Angel, and compelled her to drink a Bowl of Poison, of which she died.*



**F**AIR, but disconsolate poor Rosamond, gave a long Look after the King, when he had parted from her;

and just as he was out of Sight, (as if her sorrowful foreboding Soul had told her she should never see him more) she with a dismal heart-piercing Cry, threw herself down upon her Couch, and fell into a Swoon; from which when her Attendants had recover'd her, she so often fainted, that her Maids had much ado to keep Life in her; but when she was recover'd, she gave herself up to Sorrow and Melancholy, refusing to be comforted for some Weeks, her Sleep still going from her, and when she slumber'd a little, she started, crying out, *O save me, save me, here is the Queen: she has got to me at last*; and with the Fright awaked, fear'd and terrified with her Dreams. Nor was it without Reason, that *Rosamond* was thus afflicted in her Mind, for all this while, *Queen Eleanor* was plotting her Destruction: Which to effect, she first propos'd it to some Favourites, whom she had rais'd from a low Condition, to high Promotion, but they started at it, as a Thing full of Danger, seeing if it were known, their Lives would surely be forfeited, and lost at the King's



Return, unless they fled the Land, and left all behind them, to the Ruin of Themselves and Families. This so enraged the jealous Queen, that she reviled them with a thousand Reproaches of Cowardice, and Ingratitude, for the many Favours she had heaped upon them, which with some Persuasions, and large Offers, prevailed so far with several of her Domesticks, that they vow'd to stand by her in any dangerous Attempt, if she would but vouchsafe to be present at the doing of it, that so, if it were discovered, she being the Consort Royal, would easily come off from the Danger of the Laws, and they shelter'd under the Necessity of a positive Command, might have a more colour'd Pretence and Excuse, for having a Hand in the Matter; to this she readily consented; and it being in Summer-time, undertook a Progress, as she gave out, for her Health, appointing at a set Time, her Conspirators to hide themselves in a Cave near the Bower, overshadowed with Trees and Bushes, and at the Sound of a Horn, to rush out and

do as she commanded; which they swore to observe: Whereupon she counterfeited a Letter, as from the King, to fair *Rosamond*, and being near the Bower, she hid herself in a Grove, and sent one of her Pages dress'd as a Post, to deliver it to Sir *Thomas*, the Keeper of the Bower, and no other Hand, for such was the King's express Command; and when he had deliver'd it, immediately to blow his Horn.

This cunning Device took to her Wish, for the too credulous Knight, seeing as he thought, only a Post-boy, and the Spy from the Turret, who watched the Roads, informing they were clear of any People, he came without the Gate, when immediately upon the Signal given, those in Ambush rush'd upon him; with them he fought valiantly, being seconded by his Guard; but after many were slain on both Sides, being overpowered by Numbers, he was likewise slain himself. The Fight being over, and the Gates seized by her Party, the Queen came to the Palace, and getting the Silver Clue, she enter'd the Bower,

D 5

causing

causing all her Servants she found to be slain, and in the furthestmost Retirement in a Chamber gilded, she found the beautiful *Rosalind*, the Object of her bel-lish Spleen, all dazzling in Robes of Silver, adorned with Gems, shining bright like an Angel; at which Sight she some-time stood amazed, and began to melt into Pity; but her Jealousy soon reviving the Flame of Fury, with a stern Countenance, she said, "Have I found thee, thou graceless Wretch, who by thy Lewdness hast shamefully taken my Husband from me? Come lay aside your gaudy Trappings, and receive the Reward due to such as commit Crimes like yours."

Fair *Rosalind*, seeing the angry Queen before her, and hearing these dreadful Words, trembled from Head to Foot, when, rising from her Seat, she fell on her Knees before her, imploring Mercy and Pardon for her Offences, with a Flood of Tears, begging she would have Pity on her tender Years, and pardon a Crime she was constrained to Act, and she would immediately cloister her-

self in a Nunnery, and see the King no more; or else abjure the Land: And if she had not deserved to live, yet she humbly besought her in Mercy and tender Compassion to the Infant that struggled in her Womb, she might live, tho' in a Dungeon, till she was deliver'd, and then she would willingly submit to die, so that it might be saved alive.

This last Request, which she concluded would move some Pity, the more incensed the enraged Queen: For hearing she was with Child, her Fury broke forth beyond all Moderation; when, snatching up a golden Bowl which stood on the Table, she poured a Draught of deadly Poison into it, which she had brought with her, commanding her, laying all Excuses aside, to drink it up immediately: at which when she trembled, and begged Mercy with Tears, the Queen pulled out a Dagger, and held it to her Breast, saying, 'You Harlot are you queefie stomached? If your dainty Pallate cannot relish Poison, see here, I have Steel for your panting Breasts, to rid you out of the World.'

The

The poor sorrowful Lady perceiving, there was no Remedy, but she must die, stood upon her Feet, and with abundance of Tears, and piteously wringing her Hands, begged Mercy of God for her youthful Sins and Failings, desiring that all stately Beauties might be warned by her sad fall, not to be proud nor aspiring, but rather contented with a lowly safe Condition; and often calling for Mercy, she with a trembling Hand put the Bowl to her Mouth, and drank the Poison, which soon put an end to her Life; whom the Queen caused to be buried privately with the rest that were slain, and so departed, rejoicing in the Success her Revenge had had on her Rival, but little consider'd the Misery it would pull on her own Head.

Other Historians of great Credit, relate the Circumstances of her Death, in the following Manner: That fair *Reginond*, sitting to take the Air, let fall out of her Lap a Clue of Silk, which running from her, the End of the Silk fastened to her Foot, and the Clue still unwinding, remained behind; which the  
Queen

Queen espying, followed, till she had found what she sought: It is generally said, That when the Queen came to *Rosamond*, she presented her with a Dagger, and a Cup of Poison, bidding her take her Choice, and she taking the latter, soon expired therewith. Others say, That when the Queen saw her, being amazed at her Beauty, she only upbraided her with her unlawful Familiarity with the King, and so left her: *Rosamond*, telling her, she would never be guilty of that Fault again. But *Rosamond* lived but a short Time after, however that was, certain it is, that the Queen had made her that Visit.

*The History of*  
C H A P. VIII.

*How the King returned, heard of Rosamond's Death, and the Lamentation he made, and the severe Revenge he took, in putting many to Death, and imprisoning his Queen for her Life, building a famous Sepulchre for fair Rosamond, and soon after died himself, &c.*



**N**OT long after the untimely Death of fair *Rosamond*, the King, who had many strange Dreams concerning her, returned home Victorious, but no sooner had he Notice of her tragical End,

but



but this Joy was turned into Mourning, and in a kind of Distraction he rent his Royal Robes, shut himself up in his Chamber, and would not suffer any to speak with him for many Days, often weeping and crying out, 'O my Rosamond, my fairest Flower! How art thou blasted by a cruel Death, and with thee all my Joys are faded and withered? O thy parting Tears presaged this Event, that we should meet no more! O that I had staid to defend thee from this Ruin, tho' at the loss of a Country, nay, to the Eclipsing my own Fame and Reputation.'

When the King had a little eated his Grief, he summoned his Judges, and commanded them to make a strict Enquiry after those that were guilty of these heinous Crimes, who fearing his high Displeasure, were so diligent therein, that most of them were apprehended, tried, and put to several the most cruel Deaths, who, in their Tortures, accused the Queen, and laid the Blame on her, who was not able to bear out herself, for so fierce was the King's Indignation, that

that neither the Apology, Tears, nor the Intercession of the Nobles on her Behalf could appease his Wrath; but being a foreign Princess, her Life was spared; yet the King not only for ever renounc'd her, but confined her for his Life-time to a strict Imprisonment, commanded, if she died there, her Body should not be buried, but there moulder to Dust, nor would he forgive her at his own Death, for she outlived him, and was set at Liberty after his Decease, by her Son *Richard*, who succeeded his Father, and considering the Hardship of Imprisonment from Experience, she by her own Liberty, and the Interest she had with her Son, for the most part set the Prison gates open, as well to Criminals as Debtors.

King *Henry* having wreak'd his Vengeance on the Murderers of his beloved *Rosamond*, caused her Body to be taken out of that obscure Grave, wherein the Queen had caused her to be laid, and buried her with all the Funeral Pomp imaginable, at *Godstow*, near to *Oxford*, Erecting to her Memory, a stately *Tomb*, on which was this Inscription:

Hic jacit in Tomba, Rosamundi, non Rosamunda  
non redo'et, pure redolere solet.

In *English* thus

*Within this Tomb, lies the World's chiefest Rose,  
She who was sweet, will now offend your Nose.*



This was the End of fair *Rosamond*, who, had she not been led astray by King *Henry*, with the glittering Tinsel of Royalty, might have made a Wife worthy of the greatest Peer in *England*. Or if King *Henry* had been then a single Man, might as well have adorn'd the *English* Crown, as *Elizabeth* the Widow of Sir *John Gray*, who being courted as a Miss by King *Edward* the Fourth, plainly told him, That as she did not think herself Good enough to be his Wife, so she thought herself much too Good to be a Whore, either to  
him

him, or to the greatest Prince in *Chry-  
endom*: And this Opposition of her to  
his lascivious Courtship, inflamed the  
King the more; as having seldom been  
refused by the Ladies of that Age, whom  
he solicited on the same Account: So  
that his Passion grew so high at last, that  
what he could not obtain unlawfully  
from her, he resolved to gain by the  
more lawful and honourable Way of  
Marriage; and accordingly he made her  
his Queen, and afterwards Grand-mother  
to King *Henry* the Eighth, and was great  
great Grand-mother to the famous *Mai-  
den* Queen of that Name. But the Case  
was otherwise with King *Henry* the Se-  
cond, who was a married Man when he  
courted *Rosamond*, and therefore had she  
refused his unlawful Embraces, and been  
married to an *English* Nobleman, as she  
might have been, she had never been  
recorded to Posterity, as one of the Un-  
fortunate Concubines of the Kings of  
*England*.

A  
SONG on the DEATH  
OF  
Fair ROSAMOND.



IN Woodstock Bower, once grew a  
Belov'd of England's King, (Flower,  
The like for Scent, and sweet Content,  
Did ne'er in England spring:  
Her Cheeks were of the rosy Red;  
As fair as fair might be,  
Her seemly Front, and Ivory Brows,  
Like Chrystal was to see.

Fair

*Fair Rosamond, of Rose-like Hue,  
 Enticed so to Love,  
 As caus'd Henry's Royal Heart  
 The Joys thereof to prove:  
 At Woodstock in a Labyrinth  
 Of many Turnings round,  
 Where only by a Clue of Thread,  
 The Lady must be found,  
 And by no Way, but with the same,  
 The which the King well knew,  
 Which now and then for his Delight,  
 Him to her Presence drew.  
 Besides her Maidens, a false Knight  
 Attended on her there;  
 With whom he likewise fell in Love,  
 But durst not speak for Fear.  
 At length, but with great Modesty,  
 He courted her for Grace.  
 But all in Vain, it bootéd not,  
 He lack'd both Time and Place.  
 Henry (quoth she) began with me.  
 To make my Thoughts unchaste,  
 And none but he, and only he,  
 My Body hath embrac'd:  
 Then I will be as true and just,  
 In this my wanton Sin,  
 As any Prince's Paramour;  
 Persist no more therein.*

The Knight dismiss her Presence thus,  
Grew daily in great Fear,  
That Henry at his Back-return,  
Should of his Purpose bear;  
Therefore unto the Queen he hies,  
And told her of the same;  
How she had but the Title given,  
And Rosamond the Gain.  
Came I from France, Queen Dowager,  
(quoth she) to pay so dear,  
For bringing him so great a Wealth,  
To be misused here?  
Like Progne, seeking Philomel,  
She presently fourth found  
The Bower, that lodg'd her Husband's Love,  
Built bravely under Ground;  
And enter'd in to Rosamond,  
Whom when the Queen did view  
So bravely clad in rich Attire,  
To height her Malice grew.  
No marvel (quoth the Queen) if oft  
The Court did miss the King;  
When such a Load-stone as thou art,  
Him to this Bower did bring.  
Now trust me, were she not a Whore,  
Or any Whore but his,  
I would her pardon, but, in sooth,  
I may not pardon this.

Fair



*The History of*  
*Fair Rosamond surprized thus*  
*E'er ought she did suspect;*  
*Fell on her humble Knees, and did*  
*Her Hands to Heav'n erect:*  
*She blush'd out Beauty, whilst with Tears*  
*She wash'd her lovely Face,*  
*And begged Pardon for her Sin,*  
*In Hopes to find some Grace.*  
 So far forth as it lay in me,  
 I did (*quoth she*) withstand;  
 But what may not so great a King  
 By Means, or Force command?  
 And dar'st thou Minion (*said the Queen*)  
 Thus circumstance with me?  
 Nay, thou wer't best to come to Court,  
 The King will welcome thee.  
*With that she daskt her on the Lips,*  
*So dy'd with double Red;*  
*Hard was the Heart that gave the Stroke,*  
*Soft were the Lips that bled:*  
*Then forc'd she her to swallow down,*  
*Prepar'd for that intent,*  
*A poison'd Drink, with quick Dispatch,*  
*And so away she went.*

The End of the History of Fair  
 ROSAMOND  
 THE

## THE

History of JANE SHORE, &amp;c.

## CHAP. I.

*Of the Parentage and Birth of Jane Shore,  
how her early, but charming Beauty, cau-  
sed many to fall in Love with her; &c.*



**M**Rs. Jane Shore, the Wife of Mr. Mathew Shore, who was sometime a Goldsmith dwelling in Lombard street, and was Concubine to Edward the IVth, King of England, is so well known in History, that he must be a Stranger to our English Chronicles, who has

has not heard of her. And tho' she be mentioned in all, there are but few Histories (tho' never so bulky and voluminous) that have given a succinct, and particular Account of her Life and Actions, which may make this History the most acceptable to those that are curious to Enquire into it.

This lovely (tho' unhappy) Woman, at the Shrine of whole Beauty, so Mighty and Warlike a Monarch offer'd up his Devotions, was the Daughter of Mr. *Thomas Wainstead*, a Wealthy and eminent Citizen of *London*, and one of the Worshipful Company of *Mercers*, who lived in *Cheapside*, not far from the Chapel belonging to that Company, where also Mrs. *Jane*, was born; who was brought up with all the Tenderneſs, which an only Child commonly meets with from a loving and indulgent Father; Nor did ſhe want for any Education which that Age afforded, and her Father was able to give, or ſhe capable of receiving, Needle-work of all Sorts, with Muſick and Dancing, were Accompliſhments ſhe might boaſt with any Citizen's Daughter in *London*,  
And

and being naturally Witty, and of an airy and facetious Temper, set all her Parts off to the best Advantage; and her Father indulging her natural Vanity with the costliest Garments, set off with the most resplendent Jewels, she appeared like another *Venus*, or rather out-did her, being admired by all, as a consummate Beauty: For tho' her Attire was very rich and costly, yet her own native Beauty was enough to set her off; And therefore,

*The Wealth she wore about her seem'd to hide,  
Not to adorn her native Beauty's Pride:  
Bright Pearls and Jaspers of a various Dye,  
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter Eye,  
The Sapphire's Blue, by her more azure Veins,  
Hing not to boast, but to confess their Stains:  
But had been nature's self, there to have  
show'd*

*What she on Creatures could, or had be-  
stow'd.*

*Nay, Jove himself would revel in her Bower,  
Were he to spend another golden Shower:  
In short, her Eyes shot such surprizing Rays,  
She was esteem'd the Wonder of her Days.*

No wonder that her Father doated on her: And his Trade lying among the Court Ladies, he often carried his Daughter with him, to shew her the Pastimes that were frequently made there to divert the Queen, &c. which gave her an early Longing after a higher Sphere of Honour, than she had yet attained to, or her City-breeding was likely to Produce.

When she grew to the Age of Fifteen, her extraordinary Stock of Beauty, and charming Mien, caused many to fall in Love with her: And some great Lords fixed their Eyes on her, to get her for a Mistress; which her Father perceiving, sent her privately to be with his Sister at *Northampton*; where she remained about a Year, till he supposed their Enquiry after her was over, and that she might safely return without any Hazard of being further tempted to Lewdness. Yet she was no sooner at Home, but a Plot was laid one Night to have her carried away in a Chariot by the Lord *Hollings*, (who after the Death of King *Edward*, took her for his Concubine, as will ap-

pear in the Close of this History.) But the Maid he had bribed with Gold to get her Abroad, but she repenting such Treachery to her Master, in being instrumental to the Debauching his fair Daughter, gave timely Notice, by which Means it was prevented; and her Father plainly perceiving, unless he speedily took some prudent Course, her Beauty would be her Ruin. So true is what Dryden tells us.

*Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when Great;  
A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt:  
Beauty like Ice, our Footing does betray;  
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?  
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on,  
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun;  
Unperish'd thou to few wert ever given,  
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heaven.*

And therefore he resolved to marry her, that so having surrender'd her Virginity, and being in the Arms of a Husband, those that before sought to crop her Virgin Rose would not regard her, but give over the Pursuit.

And amongst those that courted, and earnestly sought her in the Way of Marriage, was one Mr. *Mathero Shore*, a Goldsmith of eminent Note in *Lombard Street*, whom her Father pitched on for a fit Husband, and acquainted his first Daughter with his Intentions to marry her to him; but she always shewed a very great Aversion to it, alledging sometimes the Disproportion of Years, he being about Thirty, and she but a little above Sixteen; and other times his being much disfigured with the Small Pox, and many other Exceptions she made: However, her Father's positive Commands, and the rich Presents her Lover made her, won her Consent so far, as that she yielded to the Match, and so married they were in great Pomp, many of the Court, as well as those of the City being invited to the Wedding, which was kept with great Feasting many Days. Nor were the Wits of the Age wanting to present them with Epithalamiums, which were to numerous to insert; let it suffice to give you one.



*Call the Bridegroom to the Bride,  
Deck'd in all her Beauty's Pride:  
May all the Pleasures, all the Sweet,  
That attend the genial Sheets,  
Hymen's Chains, and loving Bands,  
Be now resign'd into your Hands.  
May soft Joys, now you're wed,  
Be the Curtains for your Bed,  
May fair Honour and Delight  
Crown your Day, and bless your Night.  
May your oft repeated Kisses,  
Turn to both your happy Bliss,  
And the warm embrace of Love,  
Be soft as Venus's Dove.  
Methought I saw them kindle to Desire,  
While with soft sighs they blew the Fire:  
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,  
He grew more fierce, and she less coy.  
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways.  
Kind was the Force on ev'ry side,  
Her new Desire she could not hide,  
Nor would the Bridegroom be deny'd;  
Till she transported in his Arms,  
Yields to the Conqueror all her Charms:  
And like the Phoenix, both expire,  
While from the Ashes of the Fire,*

*Spring up a new and soft Desire,  
Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke  
Love's Pow'rs, and thrice new Vigour took*

## C H A P. II.

*How the Lord Flatlings made Suit to her  
to be his Mistress, with the Repulse  
gave him: And how he praised her so  
much to King Edward, that the King  
went disguised to see her, &c.*



**T**H E new Bridegroom having en-  
joyed his charming Bride, grew  
extreamly fond of her, even to Dotage,  
which

which as it usually happens with married Women: sickned and paul'd her Love towards him, and seem'd to say like *Oldham*.

*I hate Fruition, now 'tis past;  
'Tis all but Naffiness at best:  
The homeliest Thing that we can do;  
Beside, 'tis short and fleeting too:  
A Sport of slippery Delight,  
That in a Moment takes us Flight:  
A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,  
And makes us loath what we enjoy.*

Which he perceiving, and to wind himself, as he thought, the more into her Affection, he cloathed her very richly, and adorned her with Jewels, denying her nothing that she desired, or he concluded could tend to her Delight and Satisfaction: So that she always appeared Abroad, and in her Shop, like a Terrestrial Angel, which glorious Sight brought Custom to her Husband's Shop, and allured many to come to lay out their Money, who otherwise would not have done it. Nor was it long e're the

Lord *Hastings* had the unwelcome News brought to him, that his fair *Jane* was married; which however made him not give over his Purpose of enjoying her; so that he often resorted to see her, treating her at Home, and her Husband Abroad; often inviting them both to the Court, and took his Opportunity to pour out his amorous Discourse to the Wife, labouring by many fair Words and Devices, to seduce her to transgress her Nuptial Vows, in defiling her Marriage-bed; but in Vain, for being very Witty, and of a Jovial and merry Temper, she so baffled him with her quick and sharp Replies, that he could not tell which way to take her; for when he often supposed she was the nearest yielding to comply with his Desires, he found her the furthest from it; insomuch that when one Time intending to try his utmost Effort, he had thrown her on a Bed in the Room, when they were privately together in the House, she got from him, and run to her Husband telling him plainly how rude the Lord *Hastings* had been; which angering the  
good

good Man, he modestly rebuked him; forbidding him his House, and Wife's Conversation; which made him sling away in a great Heat, resolving in Revenge to raise up such a Rival to *Shore*, that neither his Authority, nor his Wife's Chastity should be able to withstand.

This Lord *Hastings* being Chamberlain to King *Edward* the Fourth, and a great Favourite, having frequently his Ear, and finding he was much inclined to fair Women, tho' he was married to the Lady *Elizabeth Grey*, took an Opportunity to sound in his Ears, the Fame of *Jane Shore's* incomparable Beauty, extolling the Quickness of her Wit, and the Facetiousness of her Humour, much above that of her excellent Features; which made the King, who was extremely Wanton and Amorous (his Wars being now entirely ended with the House of *Lancaster*, and he securely settled on his Throne without a Rival) to give great Attention to *Hastings's* Discourse of this beautiful Shop-keeper; resolving, by putting himself in a Disguise, to have a View of this surprizing Beau-

ty himself that his own Eyes might be a Witness of the Truth of what *Hastings* had related to him.

The King, whose Thoughts still run on his new-intended Mistress; (and was in Love already with the Idea he had framed of her in his own Imagination) delayed not long to pay her a Visit; and in order to it, attired himself like a Merchant, and then withdrew privately from the Court, only attended with a Page: And coming into *Shore's* Shop, then the richest in *Lombard-street*, he found Mr. *Shore* (her Husband) attending the Business of the Shop, and very busy in his own Affairs; and so for a little while, tarrying till he was at Leisure, he desired to see some Plate, which was presently shewed him, and under Pretence of carrying it with him beyond the Seas, soon agreed for a considerable Quantity. But the main Commodity our disguised Merchant wanted, was still behind, for the charming Wife kept all this while *Incognito*, it not being yet Hour to come down into the Shop, which made him very uneasy, delaying.

the

the Time with talking of several Matters transacted in *England*, and beyond the Seas, where he said he had travelled; for being a Prince of great Learning, and of a ready Wit, he never wanted a Theme to enlarge upon, but could discourse of most Countries, and the Trade or Commerce held with them; which much delighted *Shore*, so that he ordered his Servant to fetch up a Bottle of his best Wine, and had him to his withdrawing-Room, where they drank merrily; the good Man beginning a Health to the King, in which the King you may be sure pledg'd him heartily; and when some other Healths had passed, Well, said the supposed Merchant, I see you have a good Shop well stor'd with rich Commodities, and a fine House well furnished, at least by what I have seen, but methinks the chiefest Thing of all is still wanting; and which in my Judgment is so material, that I wonder such a Man as you can be without it. Pray what is that, Sir, said Mr. *Shore*? A good Wife, reply'd the Royal Merchant, to be the Mistress of so fair a Mansion; For I dare



say that you deserve, and I believe I can help you to one that is both young and beautiful, rich, and of a very agreeable and facetious Temper; which in a married State, are Qualifications very desirable, and that greatly contribute to the Happiness of a Man's Life." "I am of your Opinion, Sir, answered Mr. *Shore*; and therefore think myself not a little happy, that I am bless'd with a Wife every Way so accomplished; however, Sir, I am nevertheless obliged to you for your kind offer. But, tho' I say it, continued he, I have a Wife that is hardly to be parallel'd, in whom all the Beauties and Graces meet, and yet she is as virtuous as fair." "I grant, reply'd the love-sick Merchant, you are very happy in having such a Jewel. But, Sir, continued he, may not I see this Wonder of the World, (for such she doubtless is, that is so divinely accomplished) that I may make her a small Present, to shew the Homage that I pay to Virtue?" "Yes, Sir, replies the Goldsmith, she shall be

at your Service presently. And thereupon ordered one of his Servants to tell her, that he would speak with her immediately. And thereupon she came into the back Room to him, attired in a Sky-colour'd Morning gown, flowered with Gold, and embroidered with Pearls and Spangles, her Head Attire being curious Lace, under which her bright Hair flowed, wantoning with the sporting Air, and her Blushes upon her Approach made her yet more lovely to behold. The King no sooner saw the Object of his Heart's Desire, but he stept forth and saluted her soft coral Lips, impressing on them many balmy Kisses; and so by her Husband's Desire she sat down, and the King drank to her, she pledg'd him, and passed it to her Husband: And much pleasant Discourse passed, by which the King perceived her not only of a merry free Temper, but also exceeding Witty, which delighted him as much as her Beauty, and made him resolve at any Rate he would enjoy her: and so presenting her with

some curious Things which she modestly refused, as Presents too great for a Strânger, till her Husband desired her not to slight the Gentleman's Civility; the King pulling out his Gold, and paying for his Plate, which *Shore* would have sent Home, but he refused it; ordering his Page to carry it; and with many sweet Kisses, and some amorous Whispers, he took Leave at that Time of the charming fair One.

*Well of his Gold might he be lavish here,  
For Beauty never could be bought too dear  
For Plate he paid his Gold, but fix'd his Eyes  
Upon a Treasure he far more did prize.  
And yet whate'er he sent away, we find  
He left his chiefest Jewel still behind;  
Yet he the best Way took, when all is done,  
For 'tis by Gold the greatest Beauty's won  
And tho' as yet he had no Conquest made,  
She to his Arms soon after was betray'd.*

## C H A P. III.

*How she warned her Husband of the Danger. How Mrs. Blague solicited the King's Love to her, carrying her to Court, where upon dancing with the King in a Mask, he put a Letter into her Hand, and discovered who he was.*



THE King was no sooner departed but the beauteous Mrs. Shore asked her Husband if he was acquainted with this Gentleman, that had been so liberal to her; and desired to know who he was? Her Husband answered, that he never saw him before, but that he

he told him he was a Merchant, but he knew him not: Ah, *said his Wife*, and shook her Head (who having more discerning Eyes than her Husband, saw something in his Eyes and Mien that was not common) “ My Dear his air,  
 ‘ Countenance, and graceful Carriage  
 ‘ shews him to be something more;  
 ‘ rather take him for some great Lord  
 ‘ in Disguise, that will prove trouble-  
 ‘ some to me upon the Account of re-  
 ‘ quiring my Love, as some before have  
 ‘ done; therefore sweet Husband, let  
 ‘ me beg of you, as you tender my  
 ‘ Chastity, and your own Quiet, if he  
 ‘ comes again, as I believe he will, and  
 ‘ ask for me, that you will not let him  
 ‘ know I am at Home, but rather tell  
 ‘ him that I am sick, and gone into the  
 ‘ Country; or any thing you think most  
 ‘ probable to put him off, that he may  
 ‘ come no more.”

The good Man was highly pleas’d with his Wife’s Virtue and Prudence in this Matter; and promised to do what she required. She was also giving him some further Cautions to be us’d to  
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such kind of Customers, but People coming in about Business, the retired.

The King being gone back to the Court, where he had been missed, and much enquired for, soon changed his Apparel, and came amongst his Nobles, with a very chearful Countenance; and though others were ignorant, *Hastings* well perceived where he had been, and the Satisfaction he had received; and no sooner were they in Private, but the King said, ' Well *Hastings*, I perceive thou hast good Judgment in fine Women: I have seen *Shore's* Wife, and she exceeds the Praises that you gave her, though I then thought them very lavish. I like her so well, that come what will, I must enjoy her, though I have made but a little Progress in my Love: But the great Thing that lies before me now, is to have your Advice how I shall bring my Purpose to an Issue: To Court her in her Husband's Presence, as a private Person, I shall be served as you were; and then to do it as a King, will look too low for me; to force her from his  
Arms

Arms I will not, for it would cause a Murmuring among my Subjects, who would fear the like by their Wives or Daughters; but I must have her, and with her own Consent, for Love constrained, carries no pleasure nor charms in it; therefore how this last may be attained, do you devise.

The Lord *Hastings* no sooner heard what the King determined last, but smiling said, 'Take no great Care, for this shall be easy to your Highness: there is one Mrs. *Blague*, your Lacewoman, has a House near to *St. Marks*, and is very intimate with his fair Wife, and thither she often resorts to pass the Evenings away; this Person is a Woman of infinite Intrigue, and of so damned and covetous a Temper, that a purse of Gold would win her to do any Thing: Nay, even to debauch her own Daughter: I dare promise she will quickly find out Ways and Means to bring her to your Lure; I will engage her, if your Highness so pleases in this Matter, for there is no Spring so sure a Taker in Love-affairs, as to set on one Woman



to wheedle another.' The King liked this Device, and it was agreed that he should see her at Mrs *Blague's* House, and have Freedom to court her; but she should not know he was the King, till he was pleased he should be discovered.

The Lord *Hustings* was not slow in promoting his Master's Happinels, who had so highly favour'd him, but soon with Gifts and large Promises, made the covetous Lace-woman pliable, to do in this affair, whatever was desired; so that many Meetings were had at her House, and splendid Treats made; the King still coming as her Friend in Disguise, but although she left the lovely *Jane* sometimes on purpose alone with him, and retired, and he courted her with all his Rhetorick, yet she appeared averse to yeild to his Love, often blaming him sharply, for proposing such an immodest Thing to her, as to defile her Marriage-bed; and when he took his Leave, she very much chid Mrs. *Blague* for suffering so rude, and so debauch'd a Gentleman to come into her House,

House, telling her the Design he had on her Chastity; who seem'd to wonder at it, as altogether ignorant, protesting she had not thought it in him, but intreated her to be at ease, and make no words of it, for she would suffer him to come there no more: This pacified her; but the Plot being further laid for her Ruin: In *Christmas* time she got Leave of Mr. *Shore*, that his Wife should accompany her to the Court, to see the Balls, and Masks there, which he consented to, with some unwillingness, and being introduced, after many had danced to the melodious Musick, one Man of a comely Port entered, shining in Gold and Jewels, with a Mask on; upon which Mrs. *Shore* heard the Ladies whisper, *That is the King*, who looking round through his Mask, fix'd his Eyes on her, and immediately stepped to her Seat, and took her out to Dance with him; at which she blush'd and trembled, but being in a strange Place, not to be unmannerly, she complied, and performed her Part to Admiration; which ended, taking her to a

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Side-light, pulling off his Mask to salute her, she to her great Amazement, perceived it was the same Man, who had entertained her at her Shop, and at Mrs. Blague's House; when putting a Letter into her Hand, he retired. And she in much confusion, coming to Mrs. Blague, intreated her she would go home; who having effected what she came for, willingly consented; and as she returned, plainly told her, that Man was the King, and deeply in Love with her: when reading the Letter, they found no more in it than this.

Fairest of Women!

**T**He Fame of your charming Beauty made me put on the Disguise of a Merchant, to get a Sight of you; and the Sight of you has put my Heart into such a Flame, that nothing but enjoying you will ever be able to quench it. It is your King that is your Suppliant, and begs you will be kind to him: He that can command is willing to entreat, and therefore, surely you will not prove inexorable, and if you will take pity on your King, send one kind Letter

to him, which he'll receive with greater Joy than if another Crown was offered him. For he esteems your Beauty and good Humour far above all the shining Ladies of the Court. And further, does assure you, that whatsoever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage, by

Edward, Rev.

When she had read this Letter, she was much disturbed; and could not forbear saying, 'Ah! Mrs. Blague, I could not have believed, that you would have brought me into such a Premunire, as now you see I am in.' To which Mrs. Blague very pertly answered, 'I see no Premunire at all, it is an Honour to be beloved by a King; and does not he promise you, that whatever you shall lose for his Sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage? And then where can be the Damage?' 'You talk very strangely, reply'd Mrs. Shore; Does he not design the robbing me of my Chastity? And can any Thing be a Compensation for the Loss of one's Virtue?

When

When that is once gone, it cannot be made good again: For that is a Jewel which when once sullied, can never be restored to its first native Brightness.' Marry, says Mrs. *Blague*, I think you make a great deal to do more than needs: If he would accept of me in your Room, I should be very glad to take your Place. They say the Crown takes away all Stains; and I do not know why the Love of a King should not take away all Reproach from the Person beloved. And therefore pray be advised to write a kind Letter to the King; come he will take it well.' 'I will advise with my Pillow,' said she, and so went Home.

## C H A P. IV.

*How by the Persuasion of Mrs. Blague, she writ a Letter to the King, and afterwards comply'd with the King's Desire, and suffered him to enjoy her privately, going from her Husband under Pretence of visiting her Mother. &c.*



**A**LL the Night following, Mrs. Shore grew restless and uneasy; her Husband enquired the Cause, but could not learn it, though he found in the Morning some Tears had bedewed her fair Cheeks; as soon as she was up, she went to Mrs. Blague, to consult

what

what she must do in this Streight, as well knowing the King's Humour, that he never spared any Woman in his Lust, nor Man in his Anger; and therefore if she complied not, he would compel her to his Bed; and then perhaps, for her Sullenness in not freely yielding, he having satisfied his Appetite, might punish her, and make her a Publick Shame, to the Ruin of herself, and Relations.

Mrs. *Blague* seeing her thus pensive and doubtful, with a betraying Smile, said, 'Come, come, my dear *Jane*, you must be no longer coy, nor deny the King his Request; a Royal Mistress stands so high, that no Finger dare point at her, or Tongue revile her: You glitter so near a Throne, and enjoy so gallant a Bedfellow, that I'll warrant, my Child, you will never have cause to repent of leaving a dull Husband for so advantageous a Change. I find he is resolved to have you for a Mistress; and therefore it is best for you willingly to submit to be so highly exalted; which will be very pleasing to

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him



him. And therefore pray write him a kind Letter presently. Which, at Mrs. Blague's Persuasion, she did in these Words:

**I** was much surprized at the Contents of your Letter, and am altogether ignorant of my putting your Heart into such a Flame as you speak of. But if it should be so, it was a Sin of Ignorance, and I am willing to do any Penance for committing it. Tho' I believe you may have a more suitable Remedy nearer hand, some of those shining Ladies that you mention in your Letter, being more capable of quenching that Flame, than may it please your Highness,

Your most dutiful

Subject, and Servant

*Jane Shore*

Mrs. Blague said this Letter was not kind enough, but Mrs. Shore would not alter it. Mrs. Blague then went with it to the King, and gave him an Account

of her Proceedings with Mrs. *Shore*, and what she had brought her to. And then told the King, That if he would please to send his Chariot the next Night, she would bring her to his Arms. The King commended and rewarded her, and promised his Chariot should be ready for her. Mrs. *Blague* came back, and told Mrs. *Shore*, the King would take no denial, but would send his Chariot for her to Morrow Night.

At this Discourse, Mrs. *Shore* trembled; yet considering from the many Attempts her Beauty had caused, it was not made to be enjoy'd by one; and having an ambitious Mind in a fatal Hour, the Counsel of Mrs. *Blague* prevailed. And it was agreed, that that very Night she should take her best Apparel, and Jewels, and put herself into the King's Hand Arms, without any more Formality, or ceremonious Denials.

This being concluded, Mrs. *Blague* immediately sent the King Notice of her Success, who was not slow at the appointed Time to send his Chariot for them: And in the mean while her

Cloaths were conveyed to Mrs. *Blague*. However, she supp'd with her Husband, kindly kiss'd him, and dropt some Tears, when on a sudden, one came of a feign'd Errand, to tell her, her Mother was taken ill, and must needs speak with her; he would have gone with her, but she put him off; and so giving him the last Kiss he ever received from her coral Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, she left him; and coming where the Chariot stood ready, having put on her glorious Apparel, she and Mrs. *Blague* got into it, and were conveyed to the King's secret Apartment, where they found him in his Closet; he rais'd his Mistress, who upon her Approach kneel'd, kindly kiss'd her, and welcom'd her with many Varieties; but it being late, and Mrs. *Blague* having deliver'd up this Treasure of Beauty into her Monarch's Arms, left them in the Temple of *Venus* to enjoy those mutual Bliss'es they had been so long pursuing.——

*But, O the Raptures of that Night!  
What fierce Convulsions of Delight!*

*He*

*Now in each others Arms involv'd,  
They lay confounded and dissolv'd!  
Bodies mingled, Sexes blending,  
Which should most be contending:  
Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,  
Plunging into boundless Blissess.*

*Shore at the first was coy, and hard to win,  
With artful Courting play'd the modest Part;  
But soon as once she had engag'd in the Sin,  
Oh how she hagg'd the charming tingling Dart!  
And then cry'd, Nearer nearer to my Heart,  
For you are Sovereign now of all within.*

But let me not envy her, nor her present Joys, but prosecute her Story; and we shall quickly see at what a dear Rate she purchas'd them.

*Mr. Shore's Uneasiness at his Wife's tarrying out: He and her Parents make particular, though fruitless Search after her; and giving her over for lost, they mourn and lament.*



**W**HAT pleasure soever Mrs. Shore took in the King's unlawful Embraces, yet her Husband sat at home full of Sorrow; wondering what extraordinary Accident had detained her beyond her usual Hour; or what unforeseen Adventure she had met withal. At last he went to her Mother's, to see what

what

what the Matter was she staid so long, but was extremely surprized to find she had not been there all the Day; nor was her Mother ill, nor had she sent for her, as Mrs. Shore pretended. This put him to so great a Nonplus, that he knew not what to think, nor could he in the least imagine what should become of her. A Thousand strange Imaginations crowded into his Head, and thrust out one another: Sometimes he thought that Mischief had befallen her, and then began with bitter Lamentations to lament her dismal and unhappy Fate. But then, because she made such a false Story, as an Excuse to go Abroad, he thought there must be something in it of Design, which was not good: And then his Head began to Ach, and he imagin'd that he felt some Buddings out of Horns already in his Forehead: But then remembering her modest, and her chaste Deportment, he checked himself for letting such a Thought harbour one Moment in his troubled Breast. 'No  
'no, said he, dear Jane, I know not how  
'to think one Thought of thee that is not

' good; Virtue itself may sooner go astray  
 ' than I can think thou in a Thought can  
 ' err. Forgive me therefore that I but sus-  
 ' pect thee; it is a Fault I know not how  
 ' to expiate: Were I but half so sure that  
 ' thou art well, as that thou art good, re-  
 ' ligious, chaste and virtuous, I should be  
 ' the happiest Man alive. Wherefore  
 ' thou art, I ne'er shall rest until I have  
 ' thee circled in my Arms. I am afraid,  
 ' that to avoid Temptations, thou hast  
 ' withdrawn into a Nunnery, there to give  
 ' up thyself to thy Devotions, because the  
 ' World was not worthy of thy Compa-  
 ' ny: Yes, *cry'd he*, just like a Man dis-  
 ' tracted, I know it must be so, thou  
 ' could not else be absent from thy Hus-  
 ' band a Moment. But be thou where  
 ' thou wilt, I'll find thee out, and when I  
 ' have found thee, we'll never part again.'

Thus the poor Man passed the sad  
 Night away; whilst her Relations were  
 as much concerned as he: Her Father,  
 and her Mother were afraid some Vio-  
 lence might have been offered to her;  
 her matchless Beauty having oft attract-  
 ed the Eyes and Hearts of those that  
 gaz'd upon her. There was not one



they knew she was acquainted with: but they went thither, hoping they might find her; and Mrs. *Blague* among the rest was visited. to know if she could tell what was become of her. But the dissembling Hag protested solemnly she had not seen her for two Days before, and shed some Tears, to make her Friends believe how much she was concern'd that she was missing.

But after all their Search had been in vain, and they could hear no Tidings of their Daughter, they seemed to be even swallowed up with Grief, especially when they beheld their Son-in-law inconsolable. Alas! said they, What Sorrow's like to this, to have our only Child thus strangely lost, we know not how nor where? Death would have been by far much more eligible; we should have then known what became of her, but we are left to uncertain Guesſes: Ah! dearest Child, who knows what thou sufferest, because thou'lt not comply to satisfy the Lust of barbarous Ravishers.

O that we ne'er had liv'd to see this Day,  
O that thou ne'er hadst thus been snatch'd away.

Thus did her wretched Parents receive each others Griets in Lamentations, because they knew not what could become of her.

## CHAP. VI.

*How her Husband, and her Parents came to know that Jane Shore was with the King in the Quality of his Concubine; and by how very Grief and Shame, her Husband sold off all he had, and went beyond Sea, with an Account of his Return.*



**I**T was now almott a Week that Mrs. Shore had been concealed at Court,

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(and was in the mean Time given over for lost by her Husband and her Parents) when the News of her being the King's Concubine had taken Air, and made a great Noise in the City; and too soon arrived at her poor Husband's, and her Relations Ears: For they had both much rather never heard of her at all, and that she had been lost for ever, than to have found her there. Had she been took away by any else, there had been Hopes of getting her again. But now she was in such a Palace, that it was above their Reach to take her thence. They knew the King was violent in all his Passions; especially his Love and his Ambition, and more especially the first; of which there could not be a greater Instance, than in his marrying of the Queen; for tho' he had sent *Nevil*, the great Earl of *Warwick* (that made and unmade King's at his own Pleasure) into *France*, there to propose a Match betwixt him and the Lady *Bona*, the *French* King's Daughter, which was agreed to, and concluded, almost as soon as it was proposed; yet having in the mean Time

[See]

seen and lik'd the Widow of Sir *John Gray* (who was slain in the Battle of *St. Alban's*, as he was fighting for *King Edward's* Rival, *Henry VI*) and not being able to obtain Enjoyment on any other Terms than that of Marriage, he took her for his Queen, and married her; and rather chose to disoblige his best and greatest Friends, and run the Hazard of the Crown itself, than to deny himself the Satisfaction of having her whom he had such a Fancy for. And therefore they consider'd how dangerous a Thing it would be for them to shew the least Resentment, though for so great an Injury, as that of ravishing a Wife and Daughter from them. And that which was more grievous to them yet, they found that she herself was pleas'd with what she had done, in making such a voluntary Elopement from her Husband. And seeing she had thus lost all her Virtue, what was there in her now worth the regarding? The Thoughts of this so troubled her poor afflicted Husband, who so much doted on her Virtue, that Shame and

Gul

Grief confounded him ; he scarce knew what he either said or did ; nor would he see, or yet be seen of any, if he at all could help it : He thought each Man that saw him pointed at him ; nor could one lift a Finger up before him, but he strait thought that they made Horns at him. All Day he'd shut himself up in his Chamber, and sigh away his melancholy Hours, and curse the time he e'er saw *Wainstead's* Daughter. But when at last he found a Means to send to his false Wife, and saw she slighted him, and would not once vouchsafe to come and see him, nor suffer him to come and see her there, he e'en resolv'd to go abroad and travel ; and if he could, forget he e'er had seen her. And therefore selling off his Goods and Household-stuff, and turning all his Plate into Broad Gold (for then there was no Guineas) he left this hated Land of his Nativity, and took a Tour to *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*, thence to *Moracco*, and from thence to *Turkey*; finding, as he imagin'd far more Kindness amongst the *Turks* and *Infidels*, than he had found

found in *England*: And it was not without Reason that he thought so, as the Sequel made it good: For, after a long Tract of Time, and travelling from one Place to another, had cured him of his Melancholy, and eased him of his Money, he turned back again to *London*; King *Henry* the Seventh having then sway'd the Scepter many Years; and his Wife having miserably perished long before, and the Remembrance of her almost quite forgotten, so that he now became as great a Stranger here, as he had been before in foreign Parts. He therefore he resolv'd again to settle, and privately to work at his own Calling; but having been used to live high, and his Pockets being now grown low, his Work would not recruit him fast enough; he therefore thought upon a speedier Way, which was to file, and clip off Gold from those broad Pieces, which went then in Current Payment; but he made more Hast than good Speed, for being taken in the Fact, he was committed to Prison: and afterwards tryed, and executed for the same at Tyburn.

turn; where he concluded his Tragedy. And though this unfortunate Man justly suffered the Law, in the Reign of King *Henry* the Seventh, yet it may without any Injustice be said, That he was murdered by King *Edward* the Fourth, who by enticing away his Wife, brought inevitable Ruin and Destruction on him and his Family. And thus we find there is a Tide in the Affairs of Men; which when at the Flood, lead on to Fortune; but if that be neglected, all the long Voyage of their following Life, they are bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.

*Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,  
And none can boast sincere Felicity;  
With equal Mind let us what happens bear,  
For joy, nor grieve too much for things be-  
yond our Care.*

*Like Pilgrims to the appointed place we tend,  
The World's an Inn, and Death's the Jour-  
ney's End.*

But now it is high Time to look after his Wife, and see what became of her.

C H A P.



*The History of*  
**C H A P. VII.**

*How Jane Shore liv'd in great Splendor  
 at Court, during the Reign of Edward  
 the Fourth.*



**T**HERE is nothing so bewitching,  
 and so apt to draw away our  
 Hearts and Affections from the Consi-  
 deration of Eternity, and the Things of  
 another Life, as the Pomp and Vanities  
 of this present World. The Splendor of  
 King *Edward's* Court, and the great Fi-

gure

gure she made there, by means of the extraordinary Countenance and Favour which King *Edward* shewed her, made her forget her disconsolate Husband, and the Sighs and Tears of her Parents, who would have rather seen her Virtuous than Great: 'Tis true, she never abus'd the Power she had with the King, to the Prejudice of any, and was always a Friend to the Poor, and to those that were in Affliction and Distress; and was so ready to do good, that when his Courtiers durst not intercede for such as lay under the King's Displeasure, she with her ready Wit and merry Humour, would so abate his Anger, that she oft-times has sav'd the Lives both of the Rich and Poor, and would be always a Shelter to those who were oppress'd by the exorbitant Power of them that were Great: She was easy of Access to the Poor, and so far from a mercenary Spirit, that she never sold her Favour, but would freely do any Kindness that lay in her Power for any; righting many that were wrong'd, but never wronging or oppressing

pressing any; which made her generally beloved by the common People. And often when the King had been offended with his Officers, and Servants, she by her witty and facetious Carriage with the King, would oft drive away the Storm, which otherwise would have pelted down upon 'em. So that her very Enemies would say, *'Twas pity that she was a Whore*; and that she was indeed; that was the Stain that clouded all her Glory, and blemished all the Goodness which she had, or Good she did, and sapp'd the Foundation of her Happiness. And yet methinks I can't but grieve to think her Life should at the last be closed by such a sad Catastrophe: For when she went on a Progress with the King, she frequently would send for all the Poor, and still proportion her Relief to their Necessities; nor would she only by herself relieve them, but if she knew of any that with the King expected some good Offices from her on that Account, altho' she herself was never Mercenary, yet she would put them upon being charitable to the Poor, and if they did expect

Kindness from her, they should be good to them. And this indeed was very generous in her.

But notwithstanding all her Charity and Goodness, she was not without Enemies at Court; for there were Ladies there that envied her Favour with the King, and were not willing it should be engrossed so much by her; that they could have no Share in it; and therefore oftentimes would rally her, but still were baffled in their vain Attempts: For she had always such a pregnant Wit, and was so ready at her Repartees, that they could never get the better of her. And tho' King *Edward* had another Mistress before her, which he still kept, namely, the Lady *Beesly*, yet *Shore* had always the Ascendant of her. *Beesly* pretended hugely to Religion (which fits but very awkward on a Whore) but *Shore* was always mighty brisk and merry; which made King *Edward* often joking say, 'I have two Mistresses of very different Tempers, one is the most Religious; and the other the most Merry of any one in *England*;' and I must

must needs say, *Shore* was in the right on't; for *Beesley* would have done much better, either to have left her Whoring off, or laid by her Religion; because them two seldom agree together. And I believe King *Edward* thought so too, and therefore *Shore* had still the chiefest Place in his Affections, which always made her have such Crowds of Visitors, both at her Chamber-Door, when in the Court; and at her Chariot-side, whene'er she rid Abroad; whose Suits she still preferr'd according to the utmost of her Power, respecting the Justice of their Cause. And here it will not be amiss to mention (for a Reason you shall know anon) how kind she was to Mrs. *Blague*, for whom she had procured of the King a stately House and Manor of 100*l.* a Year. But how well she did deserve it, we may hear hereafter. In a Word, we cannot do Justice to Mrs. *Jane Shore*, without granting that she was of a free, generous, and grateful Temper; and that she improved her Interest with the King for the Benefit of all that stood in need

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of it, and to the Prejudice of none but those that fought to oppress and tyrannize over their Neighbours, for before she espous'd any Cause she, examined the Matter, and always took the justest Side.

Thus lived *Jane Shore* for some Years in the midst of earthly Delights, and worldly Grandeur. But, alas! there's nothing stable nor fix'd under the Sun: Kings, tho' they are earthly Gods, must die like Men; for they are made of the same mouldering Clay with other Mortals; of which King *Edward* was to *Jane Shore* too sad an Instance: For he dying at *Westminster*, in the fortieth Year of his Age, and twenty third of his Reign, was buried at *Windsor* in a Chapel of his own Founding; leaving behind him two young Princes; to wit, *Edward* the fifth, King of *England*, though never crown'd; and *Richard* Duke of *York* his Brother, and five Daughters.

King *Edward* being dead, the Lord *Hastings* sent and took *Jane Shore* (whom he courted before King *Edward* knew her, to his own Bed, keeping her as his  
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Concubine. And *Shore* thought it (after the King's Death) the greatest Honour she could then aspire to; besides, she thought that Lord would be a Shelter to her from the Anger of the Queen, and of other Ladies at the Court, who bore no great Affection to her in King *Edward's* Days, because she engrossed much of his Favour. But the Lord *Hastings* was so far from being able to protect *Jane Shore*, that he could not long protect himself: For crook-back'd *Richard*, Duke of Gloucester, Brother to the deceased King, having laid a wicked Design to put the Crown upon his own Head, and to destroy his own Nephews; endeavour'd to bring in as many of the Nobility to his Party as he could, and the Lord *Hastings* being one that had a great Influence at Court, having been in high Favour with King *Edward* the Fourth, and Lord Chamberlain to the young King, the Duke had a great Mind to bring him over to his Party: But fearing to disclose his Mind openly to him, he made large Promises, and gave great Rewards to



one *Catesby*, a Favourite of the Lord *Hastings*, by secret and dark Discourses to sound him, and if possible to bring him over to his Side. This *Catesby* undertook to do it; and finding (after he had done all that he could) that the Lord *Hastings* was no way inclinable to favour *Gloucester's* Design, he told him of it, and tho' he had been maintained by the Lord *Hastings*, and his Fortune raised to what it was by him, yet he proved so base and treacherous to him, that he encouraged *Gloucester* to remove *Hastings* out of the World, if ever he intended to compass his Design. This being resolved upon by them two, he called a Grand Council of Lords at the Tower, to consider of suitable Preparations for the Coronation; and when they had set a considerable Time, he came in and took his Chair, jesting with some of them, and excusing his too long Stay; requesting of Dr. *Moraton*, Bishop of *Ely*, some Strawberries that grew in his Garden at *Holborn*; which he immediately sent for; and took it as a Favour that the Protector was so kind  
to

to him, and to put it into his Power to oblige him in any thing, for there had been formerly no good Understanding between them two. Then taking some Excuse for a short Absence, he desired them to proceed in the Method propos'd. And about an Hour after, he came in again, and took his Chair, but with a Countenance full of Anger and Repentment, frowning, biting his Lip, and knitting his Brows, and shewing all the Signs of one in an extraordinary Passion; which strangely amaz'd all the Council, so that they kept a profound Silence; which the Protector, (for so had the Duke of Gloucester lately been made) perceiving, demanded what Punishment they deserved who had wickedly procur'd his Destruction, he being Uncle to, and Protector of the King? This Question amaz'd them more than before; but all knowing themselves innocent of any such Intention, the Lord *Hastings*, who by reason of the ancient Friendship that had been between them, thought he might be the boldest, reply'd, *My Lord, such as have so trans-*

gressed, deserve the severest Punishment the Law can inflict, to which the other Lords assented. Then, said the Protector, that Sorcerers (meaning the Queen) and Jane Shore, have conspired by Witchcraft to destroy me: And then drawing up his Sleeve, he shewed his Arm which had been waisted from his Infancy (as they all knew well enough) as a Testimony of what he had said; bidding them behold how their charms had begun already to take Effect on him. Hereupon the Lord Hastings, who (as has been already said) had taken Jane Shore to his Bed, thinking to excuse her, said, My Lord, if they have done so, they deserve Punishment. Thou Traytor, reply'd the Protector, servest thou me with *I*s and *And*s: I tell thee they have done it; and that will I make good upon thy Body: And so, striking his Fist upon the Table, the Room was presently filled with armed Men, one of which struck at the Lord Stanley, and as nimble as he was to sink under the Table, grievously wounded him on the Head; and the Protector himself arrested the

Lord *Hastings*, bidding him make haste to Shrive himself; for by *St. Paul* (which was his usual Oath) he would neither eat nor drink till his Head was off, and so being led out into the Green within the *Tower*, he was there beheaded on a Log, without staying for the formality of a Scaffold.

And here I cannot but take Notice, how eminently the Hand of Divine Justice was exemplified in the unjust Execution of this Lord; who having so far joined with the Duke of *Gloucester*, as to be aiding in, and privy to the Execution of the Queen's Father, the Lord *Rivers*, and the rest of her Relations, who were by his Contrivance beheaded at *Pomfret*, on that very Day; on which by the Contrivance of *Gloucester*, himself was beheaded in the *Tower*: So certain does Sin and Guilt dodge Men to their Destruction.

## C H A P. VIII.

*How Jane Shore conveyed her Jewels to Mrs. Blague's, who cheated her of them all: And how she was persecuted by King Richard the Third, who caused her to do Penance in the open Street.*



**T**HE sudden and tragical Fate of the Lord *Hastings*, was a sufficient Premonition, or Warning to *Jane Shore*,

of the Storm that was now falling upon her own Head; and therefore she thought it but a prudent Piece of Conduct to make some timely Provision for herself. The Protector had already declared himself against her; and *Hastings*, upon whom, after King *Edward's* Death, her greatest Hopes had been placed, had now lost his Life, for but undertaking to vindicate her; and therefore she packed up all her Jewels, and her rich Garments, and all the best of her Things, and brought them to Mrs. *Blague's*, telling her, That she saw a Storm a coming, and therefore thought it was best to provide against it; and that as she had served her in King *Edward's* Reign, she did not doubt but she would be as kind to her now, in securing for her her Jewels, and other rich Things, which therefore she had now brought with her, to put into her Hands, as a Place of Security, that she might have them ready against a Time of Need.

Mrs. *Blague* seemed to commiserate her Condition very much, telling her, she was sorry to see such a sad Turn of  
the

the Times; and that little good could be expected from such a bloody Monster as the Protector; but whatever she left in her Hands, she might depend upon it should be very safe; and that herself and all she had, should be always welcome to her House; for she should never forget the Kindness she had shewed her when she was in Power; with several other large protestations of an intire Friendship and Fidelity. This designing Hypocrite, Mrs. *Blague* (who was the first Authoress and Cause of this poor Gentlewoman's Ruin, by first persuading, and afterwards betraying her into the Embraces of King *Edward*) having by her fair Speeches got all her Jewels, Plate, and Cloaths, into her Hands, did in the Time of her Affliction and Distress, which followed shortly after, treat her with the most barbarous Usage, that ever Woman met with; for coming to her, when all she had was seized on by King *Richard's* order, and desiring to have some of her Jewels to make a little Money on, she not only denied that ever she received any of her, but called



her a filthy Strumpet, Whore, and Cheat, asking her if she came to put Tricks upon her; with other base opprobrious Speeches; and threatening that she would have her whipt, if ever she came there again, thrusting her out of Doors, without so much as giving her a Piece of Bread, although she begged it of her. And certainly to one of so generous a Temper as *Jane* had been, nothing could make a greater, or more deeper Impression, than such a barbarous Treatment: I cannot therefore blame her, when she afterwards gave to King *Richard's* Officers, upon her being examined where it was she had disposed of her Jewels, and other Things, she gave a true Account where they were all disposed; upon which they immediately repaired to Mrs. *Blague's*, demanding them of her: But she served them as she had done *Jane Shore*, denied that she ever had them, alledging that they never were brought to her, and therefore desired them to trouble her no further: Which answer, though it was all *Jane Shore* could get, yet the King's Officers would

would not be satisfied so: But having Power on their side, they entered in and searched the House, and breaking open all her Trunks and Drawers, and finding them by that means, they made it Crime enough in her to have denied them; and therefore as an Accomplice of *Jane Shore*, they cleared the House of all that e'er she had, and seizing upon her Estate besides, left her almost as miserable as they had made *Jane Shore*: And then her Conscience brought to mind her black Ingratitude, which made her Sufferings appear just and right, and which she had so very well deserved,

Ingratitude's the Growth of ev'ry Clime,  
And of all Sins the most accursed Crime:  
For who can think that Human Nature can,  
Breed such a Monster as th' ungrateful Man:  
Who does against his Benefactor sin,  
Least Men should think he has obliged been.  
On him his Friend still loses all his Cost,  
For ev'ry Favour shew'd to him is lost;  
Nay, more than that, which is a greater shame;  
Not only lost, but he forgets the same:  
Nay, does for Kindness, Spite and Mischief shew;  
Which is the greatest Height the Devil can go.  
But I'll no more enlarge upon this Plague,  
But wish all such be serv'd as Mrs. *Blague*.

But

But to return from this Digression, the Duke of *Gloucester* having pretended that *Jane Shore* was engaged in a Plot against him, that he might the better hide the Plot himself had laid against his two innocent Nephews and the Crown, sent his Officers to the Lord *Hastings's* House to search for her; where she was but newly come back from carrying her best Things to Mrs. *Blague's*, as has been before related; and having seized her, and stript her of all she had, he caused her to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, where by a special Order from his Highness, she was adjudged to do Penitence for her notorious Adulteries, committed with King *Edward* the fourth, and afterwards with the Lord *Hastings*, with whom she had also plotted the Destruction of his Highness the Lord Protector of the King and Kingdom, and this Penitence that she was to perform, was done in this manner; she was stript of all her Apparel, having only on her Smock, and over that a white Sheet, and in one Hand a lighted Taper of Wax, and in the other a Cross; in which

Posture

Posture she walked bare legged and bare-foot, all through *Cheapside*, and *Lombard-street*, with a Crowd of People to behold her; she looking so very lovely and charming, even in this penitent Dress, that she was beloved by some, and pitied by others, and her hard Fate lamented by all; except such as had engaged in *Richard's* accursed Designs: This publick Pennance of hers at that Time being enjoined her, not so much as a Punishment for her Sins, as to amuse the Minds of the People, that they might not busy themselves about those secret and treasonable Designs that were carrying on at Court, for the Destruction of the young King and his Brother, and the setting of the Crown upon that Monster's Head, which soon after followed.

And therefore it was not enough that *Jane Shore* was thus forced to do publick Pennance, but the Tyrant immediately puts forth a severe proclamation against her, imploring, That whereas it was notoriously known, that *Jane Shore* had for several Years lived in open adul-

tery with the late King *Edward*, to the high Dishonour of Almighty God, and to the Shame and Reproach of Honesty and Virtue, and to the Grief of all good Christians, and to the Impoverishment of the King and Realm, and the diminishing of the Revenues of the Crown, which she at her Pleasure bestowed and lavished away, by her enriching her own Friends and Relations, contrary to the Laws of the Land: It was therefore declared, That wherever such Money, Plate, Jewels, or Things were given away by her, it should be forthwith seized again to the King's Use: And further, That as a just Punishment for those notorious Crimes, and for engaging with the late Lord *Hastings* and Others, by Secrecy and Witchcraft, to take away the Life of the Right Noble and Illustrious *Richard* Duke of *Gloucester*, Protector of the King and Kingdom, that they might the better compass their Ends upon the young King and his Royal Brother, it was therefore strictly prohibited to all Persons whatsoever, on Pain of Death, and Confiscation of all their Goods, and Chattels

Chattels, neither to harbour her, the said *Jane Shore*, in their Houses, nor to relieve her with Food or Raiment.

This was a home Stroke indeed, and it would have been more Charity to have taken and hanged her, than thus to have condemn'd her to starve alive, which was the Design of this cruel Proclamation. So that the poor miserable Woman was forced to wander up and down in a miserable and disconsolate manner, seeking in Fields and Hedges for Food to sustain her Life; and when they would afford her none, she would then search the Dunghills, where (when she was known to come) some Bones with more Meat than usual, would be thrown on purpose for her by some that pitied her, but durst not be seen to relieve her. And yet in this poor Condition, the miserable Wretch lived for some time, through the secret Charity of well disposed Persons.

But after this wicked Duke of Gloucester, had so far carried his Point, that he was crowned King, and had caused his two Royal Nephews to be murther-

ed;

ed; it so happened that *Jane Shore* going by the House of a certain Baker that had received a particular Kindness from her formerly (for he having been condemned to die, for being concerned in a Riot in King *Edward's* Days, she got his Pardon freely) this Baker seeing her go by, looking thin and meagre, and ready to perish, he had so grateful a Remembrance of her former Kindness, that he could not forbear, notwithstanding the Proclamation, from taking a Penny Loaf, and trundling it after her. Which she thankfully took up, and blessed him, with Tears in her Eyes, it being to her an acceptable Present. But it proved a costly one to the Baker; for some of his malicious Neighbours having seen it, for Envy always has a Lynx's Eye, informed against the charitable Man: And the inexorable Tyrant caus'd him to be hanged for not obeying his cruel Proclamation: And it would have been a Mercy to *Jane Shore*, if he had also hanged her with him. For the poor Baker's Execution so terrified the People, they durst afford her no Relief. So that



in piteous Rags, hardly enough to hide her Nakedness, she went about a most deplorable and truly miserable and wretched Spectacle, wringing her Hands, and sadly lamenting and bemoaning her dismal and unhappy Condition.

And here, methinks, I cannot but look back a little, and reflect upon the strange and amazing Change of worldly Glory, and indeed of all worldly Things: They that had seen *Jane Shore* in the Arm of King *Edward*, the Chief in Favour, smiling on whom she smiled, and frowning upon whom she frowned; her Chamber, like another Court of requests, being always crouded with Petitioners; and could never have believed they should ever have seen her neglected, scorn'd, vilified, and reduced to that degree of Poverty and Want, that to have had the Liberty of Begging, would have been esteemed a mighty Happiness: Sure it must be extremely surprizing, that she who was served in Plate, and treated with the costliest Viands, that either Art or Nature could procure, or Water, Earth, or Air produce; that she, I say, should ever

ver be reduced to that extream Degree of Misery, as to be forced to sit on a Dunghill, and glad to eat the refuse of Dogs.

Thus as the Prince of Poets, *Vergil*, tells us,

*New turns and chances every Day,  
Are of inconstant Chance the constant prey,  
Soon she gives, soon takes away,  
She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts;  
But if she stays, or if she goes, [know  
The wise man little Joy, or little sorrow  
For over all, there hangs a doubtful Fate,  
And few there are, who are always fortunate  
One gains, by what another is bereft,  
The frugal Destinies have only left,  
A common Bank of Happiness below,  
Maintain'd a like nature by an Ebb and Flow  
A strange Vicissitude of human Fate,  
Still altering, never in a steady State.*

But to return to *Jane Shore*: That she lived like a *Camelion*, almost upon nothing but Air, all the Time of King *Richard*, yet she made a Shift (tho' but

very poor one) to survive that Tyrant, who being slain in *Bosworth-field* (too honourable a Death for such a bloody Villain) his wretched Corps being stripped naked, and bloody as it was, laid upon a Horse, like a Calf, and carried to *Leicester*, where it was for two Days exposed to the View of the People, and afterwards buried in the *Grey-Fryers Monastery* in the Town. This Tyrant's Death gave a small Respite to *Jane Shore's* Miseries; for People then were not afraid to give her Relief; and tho' she was still forced to beg, yet this was a great Kindness to her, that People might bestow their Charity upon her, without Fear. But this was but like a little reviving before Death: For *Henry* the Seventh (who succeeded *Richard* the Third) having married *Elizabeth*, the eldest Daughter of King *Edward* the Fourth, who hated *Jane Shore*, as much as her Father loved her, procured another Proclamation against *Jane Shore*, forbidding her to be relieved: Which again forced her to wander up and down, naked and helpless, and in as miserable a

Con-

Condition as before. So that now being destitute even of Hope itself, (the only Comfort of the Miserable) and growing old withal, she finished her wretched Life in a Ditch; which from her dying in it, does to this Day, retain the Name of *Shore's Ditch*: However, though her Sufferings in this World were exceeding great, and rendered her a truly miserable Object; yet were they a Means of bringing her to a Sight of her Sins, and a true Repentance for them; as appears by her dying Lamentation; with which I conclude her Life.

*Jane Shore's Lamentation at her Death.*

**G**ood People, tho' by the Rigour of the Laws you are forbid to give me any Relief, yet pray pity my distressed State, for the Scripture tells us, *That to the Miserable, Pity should be shewed*; and that, and your Prayers is all I now ask for: For I am now putting a Period to a miserable Life; a Life that I have long been weary of. Nor is it my distressed Circumstances only makes me

so much long for Death, I would not live again, although I were to live as I have done before, in all that Glory, and Pomp, the Pleasures of King *Edward's* Court: No I am happier now upon this Dunghil, than I was ever in his Princely Arms. For, Oh, it was an adulterous Bed indeed, a Bed of Sorrow it has been to me, and filled me with unutterable Grievs: Oh wretched, that ever I knew King *Edward*! That ever I was betrayed to his Embraces! What Floods of Sorrow has my Sin occasioned! But Tears can never wash my Sins away! O learn from me good People, to be weary of vain Delights and flesh-pleasing Joys: They promise fair, but leave such Stings behind 'em, as will eternally torment the Soul, and drag it down to everlasting Punishments; Alas! you think my Punishment is grievous here in this World, and so it is indeed; for I have endured a thousand Deaths in one, a thousand Deaths, and yet I could not die: But now my dying Moment's come, and I rejoice therein. Sincere Repentance has secured my Peace with Heaven above

bove, against whom I have finned! But  
Oh! where true Repentance is not given,  
what Seas of Torments wreck and drown  
the Soul! O happy Dunghil, how do  
I embrace thee! From thee my pardon'd  
Soul shall soar to Heaven, tho' in this  
Ditch I leave my filthy and polluted  
Carcafs. O that the Name of *Shore* may  
be an Antidote to stop the poisonous  
and foul Contagion of raging Lust for  
ever!

Look not upon the gilded Baits of Sin,  
For that the Ruin of *Jane Shore* has been.

Leaving by her Example, this Truth  
to Posterity;

*How so'ere we are, yet without doubt,  
Or first or last, our Sins will find us out.*

A SONG of the supposed Ghost of  
Shore's Wife.

*To the Tune of, Live with me, &c.*



**D**ame Nature's Darling let me be,  
The Map of sad Calamity;  
For never none like Shore's fair Wife,  
Had badder End, nor better Life;  
For I had all the Royal Graces,  
Of Edward's Love, and sweet Embraces.

*He*



He being dead, my Joys did die,  
 And I grew hateful in each Eye;  
 Which made me thus complain and say,  
 The fairest Flower will fade away:  
 So did I trust too much the Smile,  
 Of wand'ring Time's bewitching Guiles.

From noble Blood I had no Birth,  
 My Heritage fix Foot of Earth;  
 Though made but of the meanest Mould,  
 Yet Fortune gave me Gifts of Gold,  
 And deck'd my Face with Favours fair,  
 Like Phoebus in the azure Air,  
 My Shape was seemly to each Sight,  
 My Eyes in Looks were proved bright,  
 My Countenance had sober Grace,  
 Nor gave my Heart a Lover's Place;  
 Yet Woe is me, excepting this,  
 My King won me to do amiss.

Had Nature made me Black or Brown,  
 I then had liv'd in good Renown:  
 But woe is me, my Peacock's Pride,  
 Did show a Face as it was dy'd  
 With Nature's blushing Tapestry,  
 Which mov'd and lik'd a princely Eye.  
 I was entic'd by Trains of Trust,  
 A King did love, consent I must:  
 And so my Youth did run astray,  
 To be a Prince's wanton Prey:  
 Then try that List, and they shall prove  
 The ripest Wits will soonest love.

Wout need I more myself to clear,  
 Promotion blindeth Shame and Fear;  
 A King did win me to his Call,  
 A Hope, that Women seek for All;  
 For they misdoubt not following Harms,  
 Who lie and sleep in Princes Arms.  
 The Nightingale with chearful Voice,  
 Doth make the Hearers all rejoice;  
 So with the Lark I still did sing,  
 Sweet wanton Musick to my King;  
 And temper'd so my moving Tongue,  
 That at his Bosom still I hung.

My Gestures, Talk, and modest Grace,  
 Did bring my King in such a Case,  
 That I became his chiefest Hand,  
 And govern'd him that rul'd this Land:  
 I bare the Sword, he wore the Crown;  
 I struck the Stroke, but he cast down.  
 If I did frown, he look'd awry;  
 If I but spoke, none durst deny;  
 If I did smile, he sought aright,  
 And would with smiles, my smiles requite:  
 And hereupon I built my Bower,  
 And thought my sweet would ne'er turn sour.

My Fortune went beyond my Skill,  
 For I had Health and Ease at Will:  
 With Robes more brave than is the Sun,  
 So did my Fortune's Glass still run:  
 That in these earthly Pleasures clad,  
 A princely Place a Time I had.

At last this Bliss was turn'd to Hate  
 And met a sad Reverse of Fate,  
 For I was brought to Sorrow's Bands  
 Which made me weep and wring my Hands;  
 When Edward dy'd, my chiefest Joy  
 Was chang'd to Grief and sad Anxiety,

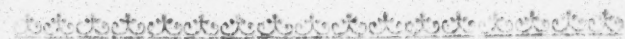
My King intomb'd and laid in Ground,  
 I was beset with Sorrows round,  
 And Slanders falsely rais'd, that I  
 Gave Poison to his Majesty;  
 Which mortal Hate, and cruel Spite,  
 Bereft me of my Fortune quite.  
 The Lord-Protector being then,  
 My Foe, and worst of living Men,  
 He judg'd me soon to live in Shame,  
 Though I deserv'd no such like Blame.  
 A Penance took by his Command,  
 With burning Taper in my Hand.

As wandring Eyes fix'd on my Face,  
 Meek Patience lent me modest Grace,  
 That I was prais'd of ev'ry Man,  
 Whilst shame-fac'd Blood down my Cheeks ran  
 Ten Thousand said with sober Cheer,  
 It was a Grief to see me there.  
 My Penance pass'd the Tyrant's Mind  
 To further Mischief was inclin'd;  
 He spoil'd my Goods, and gave Command  
 That none my succ'ring Friend should stand,  
 And being left thus bare and poor,  
 I begg'd for Food from Door to Door.

Being

Being thus cast down from princely fare,  
 Of Alms to take an hungry Share,  
 The Crumbs that fell from Blind and Lame,  
 To pick them up I did me frame;  
 And thus by Prayer, and heav'd up Palms,  
 I was enforc'd to live by Alms.  
 The golden Chains I us'd to wear,  
 Were chang'd to Rags both thin and bare;  
 I had no House to hide my Head,  
 The Streets and Stalls my nightly Bed:  
 My Flesh consum'd was like a Coarse,  
 Yet none of me must have Remorse.

At last thus ended this my Life;  
 Examples take both Maid and Wife:  
 For wanton Ways deceived me,  
 Though bolster'd out by Majesty.  
 The Time will change, says dying Shore,  
 If thou misdo, offend no more.



Very necessary for all such as are, or may be concern'd  
 in Building of any Kind.

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By WILLIAM SALMON,

*Author of Palladio Londinensis.*

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